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SPLENDID MATCHES,

TO BE RUN OVER THE PHARSALIA COURSE, at Natchez, Mississippi:—

FRIDAY, April 29.—A Match race, one mile out, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Fanny Kemble*, by Bertrand.
2. Mr. J. Rocheleau's b. h. *La Quip*, by Arab.

SATURDAY, April 30.—A match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

TUESDAY, December, 1836.—A match race, mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
2. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand.

FRIDAY, January 29, 1837.—A Match race, four mile heats, for Two Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. Wm. J. Minor's g. g. *Hard-Heart*, by Mercury.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder.

SATURDAY, January 30, 1837.—A Match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. W. Bayle's s. c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Eclipse.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

The number of horses which I have in training has increased to SEVENTY. Among them are to be seen Betsey Malone, and Lauderdale, of *Alabama;* Susan Yandell, Cassandra, Longtail Blue, Margery Greer, Betsey Smith, and Jim Polk, of *Tennessee;* Splendid, and Humming Bird, of *Kentucky;* Piano, and Prince Talleyrand, of *Louisiana;* Antelope, Red Maria, Betsey Rochleau, Hard-heart, Chuckfahila, Fanny Kemble, Naked Truth, Yazoo, and La Quip, of *Mississippi.*
J. C. SELPH, *Proprietor.*

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn bewixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,
Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.
N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

NEW SERIES FOR 1836

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

f the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles, &c., &c.*, will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf.—The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life:—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books, Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, {	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence o learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance)	$5 00
For Six Months	2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines	$3 00
Each subsequent insertion	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to
WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb 20, 1836.

OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 10.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, BY P. L. WADDELL

QUICK, anglers away, with the rod and the line,
Away, for the Island—the sport there's divine;
The trout in vast numbers are crowding the brook—
Look well to your tackle—the fly on your hook.

Tread softly, my hearties, steal cautious and sly,
The trout is quick scented, when anglers are nigh:
Creep low in the alders!—be careful! no noise!
We'll get before nightfall, a hundred, my boys!

Now, down in the grass, keep quiet, keep cool,
The trout is a flirt, and a flirt is no fool;
Perchance you may catch her—perchance you may not—
Steal cautious, my anglers, we'll have a good lot.

Play gently the fly, be patient and wait,
See! yonder's a roarer!—he nibbles the bait!
Now let him take hold!—he's ticklish, the trout—
Now! now you have got him! Be quick! Jerk him out!

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

We have devoted all our space to-day to our correspondents at home and abroad, or we should say how capitally HILL has been playing at the Park—how Mr. BALLS had a bumper of a benefit, and how well he deserved it—how Mr. ABBOTT has been putting money in his purse—how Miss PHILLIPS has come back, looking prettier than ever—how HAMBLIN at the Bowery, is "making the judicious grieve" at a gag about CELESTE—how JEMMY TWITCHER has got back, and rammed, crammed, and jammed the little Franklin ever since—besides many other things, that must now die in oblivion, that we might have said, but never thought of.

MR. WILLIS AND CAPT. MARRYAT.—We purposed remarking at some length upon the controversy going on between these gentlemen, and have given on another page the remainder of the correspondence between them. By the late arrivals, however, we learn that they have had a meeting, unexpectedly to us, at Chatham, and that their difficulties were arranged on the field by mutual explanations. We will endeavor to look into the whole matter, and give the particulars next week.

☞By the *Sheffield*, the Liverpool Packet of the 8th of March, which arrived on Wednesday last, THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES received copious files of Foreign papers, the English Magazines for the current month with Letters from London and Liverpool Correspondents. We are obliged, however, unavoidably to omit the major portion of the latter this week for want of room.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.—Mr. HORN holds forth daily at this establishment, on the corner of Pine & Nassau streets. It has taken precedence of its old rivals in that district. The lunch room on the first floor is even more thronged than Kerr King's establishment used to be in the old Exchange. We frequent it for the rare excellence of its cheese,—rather a fanciful bait for *two limbed* gentry, but a very effective one in our case. In his Ordinary, Horn gives each day the best mock Turtle to be found in all New York.

European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 9.

The *Sheffield* did not sail yesterday, and I am able to add the betting at Tattersall's on Monday. Birdlime is treading close on Mundig's heels, for the Portland.

The betting on the Portland Handicap was spirited and important, the north country favorite having given place to Birdlime, who was backed freely: the odds were also taken about Dacre, Revenge, Hornsea, and Brother to Hope, but Mundig's friends were shy. The Derby prices underwent some change. Brother to Nell Gwynne declined to 12 to 1, and Muezzin to 22 to 1, and several parties appeared anxious to bet against the brothers to Maria and Riddlesworth; the business, however, was not by any means brisk on this race. Nothing done on the Oaks. Closing prices:—

PORTLAND HANDICAP, P. P.

4 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Mundig (offered)
4 to 1 — Mr. Mostyn's Birdlime (9 to 2 taken freely)
7 to 1 — Mr. Greville's Dacre (taken)
7 to 1 — Mr. Etwall's Revenge (offered)
8 to 1 — Mr. Sowerby's Rioter (taken)
8 to 1 — Mr. Cooke's Brother to Hope (taken)
8 to 1 — Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea (taken.)

DERBY.

10 to 1 agst Mr. E. Peel's The Mummy (offered)
12 to 1 — Lord Jersey's Brother to Nell Gwynne (taken)
13 to 1 — Gladiator and Babel (taken)
15 to 1 — Mr. Bowes's Brother to Maria (offered)
16 to 1 — Lord Jersey's Brother to Riddlesworth (offered)
22 to 1 — Lord Exeter's Muezzin (taken)
25 to 1 — Mr. Scott's Gladiator (taken)
25 to 1 — Mr. Isaac Day's two
30 to 1 — Mr. Skipsey's The Bard (taken)
50 to 1 — Lord Egremont's Emmelina colt (taken)
50 to 1 — Colonel Peel's Mr. Wags (taken)
1,000 to 45 agst Lord Chesterfield's Weighton (taken.)

The Chester Races promise to be unusually interesting this year, the money actually given by the inhabitants and others interested in their prosperity, amounting to upwards of £1,000 more than has been given at any other meeting.

I sent you, last week, an account of the very important steeple chaces at Liverpool. Lawrie Todd would have won, but a gate which, by agreement, was to be left open, was found shut by the riders, and Mr. Powell, who rode Lawrie Todd, fell while leaping it, and thus lost the race. It is ascertained that *the gate was locked on purpose to put out the horses!* As shabby a trick, I venture to say, as ever a *gentleman* committed.

At Skipsea, in Holderness, last week, there was a two mile steeple chace, won by an Irish mare, Lucifer. There were forty fences to be leaped. Hard work this, across a rough country.

Egham Steeple Chace came off last Monday. There were 33 fences in 3 miles of evenish ground, with three brooks and two lanes to cross. The race terminated thus:

Mr. Bryan's Red Deer—Mr. Powell.	1
Capt. Lamb's Vivian—Captain Beecher	2
Mr. Seffert's Parasol—Mr. J. Mason.	3
Mr. Crommelin's Butterfly—Owner	4
Mr. Bloxam's Hop Duty—Owner.	5

Butterfly jumped off with the lead, Parasol waiting upon her till nearly through the second field: she then took up the running, and was first over the brook, Vivian charging it at almost the same instant, and, like the mare, clearing it in beautiful style; the others took a narrower brook at the right of them. Parasol continued in advance at a rattling pace till they reached the first lane, where she refused the fence into the next field, and by so doing nearly knocked down Butterfly, who entered the lane at the same spot. Vivian came up at the moment and was first into the field, retaining the lead to the next lane, where Parasol again showed in front, went in and out like a shot, and for the second time took up the work, Vivian lying next her, and the others in good places. The second brook was cleared by all without any mischance, but in jumping at the fence out of the next lane Parasol overreached herself, wrenched off her shoe, and was constrained to give up the lead to Red Deer, Vivian being now close up. At the road which intersected the line two fields from home Red Deer was leading, Parasol second, Vivian third, and Butterfly at their heels; here Parasol refused again, and the race was left to the two horses. They charged the brook into the winning field at the same moment, Vivian, as it appeared to me at the time, taking it a trifle out of the straight line, and thereby losing a little ground; nevertheless the race up to the flags was very severe, Red Deer winning with great difficulty by half a length. Parasol was third by about three or four lengths, Butterfly fourth, well up, and Hop Duty last. Notwithstanding the severity of the pace and the number of the fences, there were not any falls. In the absence of Lord Erroll the Earl of Uxbridge officiated as umpire.

Worcester Steeple chase, on Wednesday, was near four miles—there were few fences.

The next steeple chases are Birmingham, Alcester, Leamington, Norfolk, Stratford, and Dantford.

BLACK FOX.—A fox perfectly black, has been seen at different times by several farmers in the woods at Swinton and Wombwell. Both woods are in the Badsworth Hunt.

Some few minor pugilistic battles are to take place next month; they are not worth naming.

At a trial last week, before Baron Gurney, where a man was charged with the manslaughter of another, the learned judge took occasion to express a hope that battles would be oftener decided with the fists, and less with the pistol or steel.

Joe Manton, the first gun maker in the world, died last June, and a beautiful monument is to be erected to his memory. He has left an immense fortune. I suppose his guns are in all parts of the world. They were light and strong.

WILLIS and CAPTAIN MARRYATT met at Chatham, the other day, to fight, but it was amicably settled on the field that there should be no combat. Then Willis challenged Mills, Marryatt's first second, but this fight either did not come off.

Miss JOSEPHINE CLIFTON is now in Liverpool, and embarks for America by the next packet. She has certainly made a very respectable professional reputation in this country.

Almack's balls commence the week after Easter, and will be *very* fashionably attended.

Liverpool Theatre opens on Monday, with the Siege of Rochelle and The Jewess. Stuart plays the Jew, and Mrs. Yates the Jewess.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, March 6, 1836.

Nay, don't mind the date! Although I am obliged to put pen to paper on Sunday, as it is *pro bono publico* of the readers of your Spirit of the Times, surely, the offence is not unpardonable. Besides, thank mercy, I am no Saint, and even if I were, *this* letter comes under the exemption of cases of necessity, because if it is not written *to-day*, it cannot sail from Liverpool on Tuesday. So there's the philosophy of it.

It is now a little past the small hours—and the dulcet tones of *Signora Coleoni Corti*, are yet ringing in my ears. The fact is, I have just come from the King's Theatre ("worser and worser," will the godly ones say) which was opened last night (Saturday, March 5,) with an *eclat* which promises well for the Season.

The opera, *La Straniera*, by Bellini, introduced to us Signora Coleoni, as *Olaida*, and Signor. Cartagenora as *Valdeberg*. Besides there were Signor Winter (a tenor, who has not been on the London boards since 1833) as *Arturo*, and the pretty Mrs. Lyman, as *Isoletta*.

La Straniera, which I had previously seen at the *Theatre Louvois* of Paris, is no great affair, even though it be Bellini's. It has three good concerted pieces, and a few pretty arias, but there is a mannerism running through the whole which is like that of Rossini, but not so good,—for though mannerism be bad, there are degrees in badness as in goodness.

The new performers, Signora Coleoni and Signor Cartagenora, are both from the theatre *La Scala* in Milan. The lady is small in stature, has a neat figure, and expressive features.

"Her eyes—I'm very fond of handsome eyes—
Are large and dark, suppressing half their fire!"

She has too much gesticulation—as Grisi has too little. Her action must come down a peg or two, to suit our English taste. Her voice is a remarkably fine *sopanona*, of compass, and under great command. She is very much in earnest when singing. Signor Cartagenora has as fine a *baritone* as you would wish to hear in a month of Sundays. He manages it remarkably well, and is as chaste in his mode of singing as any Italian I ever listened to. He is a young man, with a keen black eye, handsome face, fine figure, and graceful deportment. I never saw an actor make such a sudden and complete hit:—he was no sooner on the stage than the audience took a liking to him.

After the opera came a ballet, *Le Rosignal*. It introduced three strangers, Mad'le. St. Romani, and Mad'le. Constin and Saxoni. The latter is like Perrot. Mad'le. St. Romani is good, but not a *very* good *danceuse*.

La Straniera, will be repeated on Tuesday night,—and Bellini's *Beatrice Tenda*, never performed in this country, is announced as immediately forthcoming.

Charles Kemble is at Covent Garden, enacting *Hamlet* and all such *juvenile* characters.

I missed a treat on Wednesday evening. Joanna Baillie was at Covent Garden, to see the performance of her own tragedy, *The Separation*. She was very much pleased with the manner in which it was brought out, and especially applauded Helen Faucit, to whom, at her own request, she was introduced.

Morris has now become sole proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre. The last 1-6th share was held by Mr. Winston, from whom Morris has now purchased it. The Haymarket is a Summer Theatre, and Morris is to open it with a very strong company.

Miss CLIFTON either now is or has lately been "starring" in Scotland, where she is a very decided favorite. It is needless to say that she appeared in the first line of tragedy—in which, take my word for it, she has scarcely a superior in this country. I have it "from authority" that she returns to New-York in a week or ten days,—say by the packet of the 16th. She has very much extended the number of her characters, and each new one has been more successful than the other. What is the especial wonder of the dramatic world is this—the extreme rapidity with which she studies a part. In Dublin, as Calcraft, (the manager) tells me, she was cast for *Mrs. Beverly*, in "The Gamester," and was put in the bills, without her knowledge. There was no alternative but to study the part, which she did, *from morning until night*,—that is, one of the longest parts on the stage, and in prose, (which is so much more difficult than blank verse) in about twelve hours! It was one of her most successful *hits*, for so decidedly well did she act that the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (and himself an amateur actor of some note) rose from his box, repeatedly, during the performance, and led the applause.

On Wednesday evening, at an expense of from £1,500 to £2,000—say from 8,000 to 10,000 dollars, Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane, brought out a new national spectacle, called Chevy Chase. It is the most gorgeous and best appointed thing of the sort ever produced in England. Before it, the splendors of The Jewess are tame and dull. But, as a drama, it is abominable—utterly innocent of any thing like a plot. In one scene is a beautiful fac-smile, formed by the characters, of "The Von of Peacock." Mac Clire's last fine picture-poem, in another is an equally striking *tableau* of Bird's (the R. A.) picture of *Chevy Chase*. The scenic effects are wonderful,—the line of prospective seems illimitable, as in Martin's wondrous pictures. To the very walls is the stage thrown back, and a fleet of ships appears moving to the base of Warkworth Castle:—again, the battle is on the same grand scale. Such beautiful illusions—such knightly parapharnelia—such gorgeous trickery of scenery—would make the piece beyond reproach, but it is *dreadfully* tedious: and, on Saturday, when it was again brought out, one full hour was quietly and improvingly cut off the time of representation. The chief characters in this "new grand chivalric entertainment" as Bunn dubs it, are, Earl of Westmoreland, Mr. Mathews; Earl Douglas, Mr. Diddear; Henry Percy, Mr. Cooper; Lord Maxwell, Mr King; Hermit of Warkworth, Mr. Warde; Simon Wardlaw, Mr. Harley; Gibble, Mr. Meadows; Lady Elinor Neville, Miss Forde; Maud, Mrs. Humby. Wieland, the first posture master of the day, personates a fiend—to the very life.

Haynes Bayly, the song writer, has brought out a new burletta, at the Olympic, called *Forty* and *Fifty*:—Mrs. Orger does the lady of forty; Liston the husband of fifty. *He* is jealous of *she*—and she finds out that the "young youth" whom *he* represents, is the son of *she*, whose *faux pas*, years before, is thus found out.

I have just ascertained that Pasta will *not* appear at the Opera this season:—Tamburini is not yet engaged. Taglioni may or may not come, just as there seems a chance of the money. A new Opera by Mercandante will be brought out.

At the third vocal concert, last Monday, a Miss Rainforth made the most decided *hit* which, for years, has been made even in this metropolis. She came out, unpuffed—unheralded by praise. Her song was a scena from Der Fruischutz,—"Before my eyes beheld him." Her voice is very sweet, full, powerful, and rich,—her style graceful,—her articulation clear,—and her expression natural. If ever there was singing *from* the heart, *to* the heart is this. Even the orchestra applauded. Who she is, or where she was taught no one knows.

Are you fond of *original* Cons? Take some.

Why does the man in the moon look glumpy in a mist? Because it takes the shine out of him.

Why are Spanish Christinos lost men? Because they are men-disabled, (Mendizabal-ed.)

Why are Custom House Officers particularly excellent men? Because they stick to their duties.

Why has the Queen of Spain got so many *beaux?* Because she *Is-a-belle*.

Why do smiths get their living harder than other men? Because they have nothing but what they get out of the fire.

When will a good man be unlike Cain? Whenever he is *able*.

☞We have not room for a single line more—at least three columns of matter already in type must be postponed.

Sporting Miscellanies.

FOR THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

ECLIPSE.*

Eclipse was pre-eminent above all other horses, from having ran repeated races, without ever having been beat. The mechanism of his frame was almost perfect; and yet he was neither handsome, nor well-proportioned, (compared with a table of the geometrical portion of the horse, in use at the Veterinary Schools of France.) Eclipse measured in height at least one seventh more than he ought—his neck was one third too long—a perpendicular line falling from the stifle of the horse should touch the toe; this line in Eclipse touched the ground, at the distance of half a head before the toe—the distance from the elbow to the bend of the knee should be the same as from the bend of the knee to the ground; the former in Eclipse, was two parts of a head longer than the latter. These were some of the remarkable differences between the presumed standard of proportions in a well formed horse, and the horse of the greatest celebrity ever bred in England.

The excellence of Eclipse in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be transmitted, prehaps, to the end of time. He was bred by the former Duke of Cumberland, and being foaled during the great eclipse, was named "Eclipse" by the Duke in consequence.

His Royal Highness, however, did not survive to witness the very great performances he himself had predicted, for when a yearling Eclipse was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud, and a remarkable circumstance attended the sale. Mr. Wildman, a sporting gentleman, arrived after the sale had commenced, and a few lots had been knocked down. Producing his watch, he insisted that the sale had began before the time advertised. The auctioneer remonstrated, Mr. Wildman was not to be appeased, and demanded that the lots already sold should be put up again.

The dispute causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchasers said, if there was any lot already sold, which he had an inclination to buy, rather than retard the progress it was at his service. Eclipse was the only lot he had fixed upon, and the horse was transferred to him at the price of forty-six guineas. At four or five years old, Captain O'Kelly purchased him of Mr. Wildman, at 1700 guineas. He remained in Capt. O'Kelly's possession, winning King's plates, and everything he ran for, until the death of his owner, who deemed him so valuable, as to insure the horse's life for 7,000 guineas. He bequeathed him to his brother Philip O'Kelly, Esq. The Colonel's decease was in November, 1787. Eclipse survived his old master little more than a year, and died on the 27th Feb. 1789, in the the 26th year of his age. His heart weighed 13lbs. The size of this organ was presumed to have greatly enabled him to what he did in speed and strength. He won more matches than any horse of the race-breed was ever known to have done. He was at last so worn out, as to have been unable to stand, and about six months before his death, was conveyed, in a machine constructed on purpose, from Epsom to *Canons*, where he breathed his last.

Col. Dennis O'Kelly, the celebrated owner of Eclipse, amassed an immense fortune by gambling and the turf, and purchased the estate of Canons, near Edgeware, which was formerly possessed by the Duke of Chandos, and is still remembered as the site of the most magnificent mansion and establishment of modern times. The Colonel's training establishment and paddocks, at another establishment near Epsom, were supposed to be the best appointed in England.

Besides O'Kelly's attachment to Eclipse, he had an affection to a parrot, which is famed for having been the best bred *bird* that ever came to England. He gave fifty guineas for it at Bristol, and paid the expenses of the woman who brought it up to town. It not only talked what is usually termed "everything" but sang with great correctness a great variety of *tunes*, and beat time as he sang, and if perchance he mistook a note in the tune, he returned to the bar wherein the mistake arose, and corrected himself, still beating time with the utmost exactness. He sang any tune desired, fully understanding the request made. The accounts of the bird were so extraordinary, that to those who had not seen and heard of the bird, they appeared fabulous. L.

* This article we have *seen* before, though we cannot at this moment designate its origin.—Ed. Spirit of the Times.

PICKEREL FISHING.

In New England, and the Western and Middle States, Fishing for Pickerel has ever been one of the most favorite amusements. In New England we think the *science* or *art* is less known or understood than in this or the middle States, yet "Jack Crane" of New Hampshire, was never beaten. *He* could, from the "silver brook, draw forth the speckled trout," though probably he never heard of, much less read the "complete Angler" of good old Izaak Walton.

In Cincinnati, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Boston, we have Piscatorial Clubs, and frequently with pleasure, read of "achievments" by some favored disciple of the Rod, but in the country such companies are unknown. At times, a few, perhaps only two or three gentleman fond of Angling, "join their fortunes for a day," and make a Piscatorial excursion to some lake or pond, celebrated for a good stock of the "finny tribe," but then, after a supper at "dewy eve," there is an end to the copartnership. We wish our friends would think of this matter, and, as every town affords gentlemen sufficiently numerous, form a complete Club. A few officers only are requisite,—the expence is too small to be any objection, and the pleasure is doubled. Make up a party to go out on a specified day, (if the Club is numerous or too large, divide it,) choose sides, and let the one taking the least fish, provide a supper for the other, and our word for it, you will better enjoy your sport and yourselves. Added to this, you cannot help acquiring some useful hints from observing the science or method of each other. If your Secretary is afflicted with the *cacethes scribendi*, any fine fishing should be reported; or if any observations that would be useful to sportsmen generally are made, our paper would be *the very* medium to communicate them, and one might have the "*satisfaction*," as Pat said, "*to see his name in Print*," if luckily he should be drowned or *any other little accident* should befal him.

We were led to these crude remarks by reading in the Sportman's Cyclopedia, various methods of taking Pickerel, some of which we give to-day. Should my Waltonian friend make an experiment of some of those laid down, or his own, and give us his opinion, he shall be entitled to the thanks of ourselves and all good Anglers "from this time forth, forevermore."

In some places Pike are taken by what is termed dipping: the hook used is a large sized gorge hook, very slightly leaded on the shank, and baited as in trolling, only the mouth of the fish is to be sewed up, and the back fin cut away, and then looped to the swivel; the line is let out from the reel to a convenient length, and the bait is dropped in any small openings where the water is not very deep, and overspread with docks and weeds. The fish hanging with his head downwards, will, when gently moved, (and all baits, especially dead ones, should be kept in constant motion,) shoot and play about among the weeds so naturally, that the Pike will be eager in taking it this way, even from the surface; when the bait is seized, the line is to be slackened, and the Pike allowed line to run: in a short time it will be perceived to shake, which is a signal to strike; when hooked, he must be cautiously managed, winding up the line gradually; in getting the Pike through the weeds, endeavor to keep his nose above them, and use the landing-net in taking him from the water. In this method the baits must be as fresh as possible.

For snap-fishing, (which is best used in March, the Pike being then very shy of gorging, although with seeming eagerness they seize the bait,) should the rod be purposely made for it, the length should be about twelve feet; if a common rod is employed, the top should be stouter than that used in trolling, with a strong loop to fasten the line upon, which must be a foot shorter than the rod; for the live snap, no hook is so proper as the double spring hook; to bait it, nothing more is requisite than to hang the fish to the small hook under the back fin, which may be done with so little hurt to the fish that it will live for many hours. Gudgeons, (which, in all modes of Pike-fishing, are superior to any other,) and dace are the best baits; they must be kept alive in a tin kettle, with holes in the lid, and which in hot weather should be placed in the water.

The other live snap-hook is baited by the small hook being thrust through the fish beneath the back fin; and some use a piece of silk or thread doubled, hung on the point of the small hook, and brought under the belly of the bait, and tied on the other side to the shanks of the large hooks; care and expedition are required in doing this, otherwise the bait will be so injured as to be incapable of swimming briskly in the water: a cork float, the size of a common burgamot pear, with a small pistol pullet or two, not only to poise, but to keep the bait at a proper depth, which is from two to three feet. If a Pike be near where the bait is put in, it will come to the surface, or increase the quickness of its motion to avoid him; these signs will put the angler on his guard: when the bait is drawn under, allow it to be sunk considerably before striking, which, in all snap-fishing should be with a smart stroke, and directly contrary to the course the Pike appears to take; the line must be kept tight, and the landing-net should be used, as the throwing out the large Pike by force will certainly strain the sockets of the rod.

Some use only one large long-shanked hook, whipped to gimp, with a swivel at the upper end; the hook baited with a gudgeon under the back fin, or through the upper lip, with a float as above, that will swim the gudgeon; fish at mid-water, and allow a minute after the float is sunk before striking: by this method perch may be taken, if the bait be a minnow or very small gudgeon.

A variety of hooks are used for the dead snap; and this mode of catching Pike is well adapted to both shallow and deep waters, to the still rapid parts of the river, will take Pike at all seasons of the year, supposing the water and weather favorable; and it will be no trifling recommendation that the idea of cruelty, which the use of a live fish naturally impresses, is, by this substitute, completely removed. The rod should be longer than that for trolling; the line fine, strong, and twenty yards in length; the hook by some most preferred is like that for a common live snap; the length of the gimp, on which the hook is tied, should be regulated by the size of the bait, and should be rather longer than the distance from the back fin to the mouth; that the looped end may be hung on a strong swivel, tied neatly to about a foot more of gimp, with a noose at the other end, to hang it upon the line, fastening a piece of lead, of the shape of a barley-corn, and weighing about an ounce, with a hole through it, about two inches above the swivel. The bait should be a middle sized dace: insert the baiting needle close behind the back fin, letting it come out of the mouth; draw the gimp to which the hook is tied after it: the short hook must stand with the point upright behind the back fin; the others will consequently lie on each side, then hang it upon the swivel, and try if it will spin; if it does not, move the bait a little to the right or left, which may be done without moving it from the hook: the whole success depends on its quick turning when drawn against the stream; and when it does, it appears like a fish unable to escape, and becomes too tempting a morsel for the Pike to resist: this method will not only enable the angler to fish a greater extent of water than the others, but is more certain to secure the Pike. The large ones, though bold in seizing the bait, are very cautious in gorging it: most trollers have experienced, that, after running out a considerable length of line, the bait has been mumbled to pieces and deserted; a disappointment here remedied, for a Pike has but to seize the bait, and he is caught.

At both troll and snap, some persons have two or more swivels to their line; by which means its twisting is prevented, the bait plays more freely, and to the dead bait in rivers it certainly is an improvement: in ponds or still waters one will answer the purpose.

TOM THUMB, THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE.

The unparallelled feat of trotting 100 miles in harness, in *ten successive hours and a half*, £200 to £100, was accomplished on Monday, February 2, 1829. When this match was first made, Mr. Melville contemplated making the attempt with the celebrated Paddington mare, which had exhibited extraordinary powers both as to speed and lasting qualities, and she was put into regular training, but ultimately relinquished, and the preference given to a horse recently arrived in this country from America. To this horse, which is an American by birth, standing about fourteen hands high, and twelve years of age, he turned his attention, and the horse was put into training (having but about ten days to prepare for his extraordinary task), and the whole of the stake money was made good; but, owing to some dispute, the bargain for the American was relinquished. However, at a late hour on Saturday night, the negociation was renewed, and his request generously complied with. Little time was now left to prepare for action. The horse was fortunately in excellent condition, and on Sunday afternoon was walked from the neighborhood of New Cross, on the Deptford-road, to the Red Lion at Hampton, a distance little short of twenty miles, while the match cart, in which he was to perform his feat, was sent, "under cover," to the same place. The proprietor of the horse, being himself somewhat indisposed, placed him under the care of his own groom, and of Mr. Harry England, of the Kent road, who undertook the superintendence of the match, and, by his admirable arrangements, succeeded in effecting it in the most triumphant manner.

The betting was very limited, time being backed to a small amount only at two to one. The articles having stipulated that the match should be performed on Sunbury Common, it was agreed that it should be done over a five-mile piece, from mile-stone to mile-stone; and it was at first arranged that the start should take place from the Staines end, which would have been the case had the mare started. The American, however, having been elected, which was at Hampton, an alteration took place, and it was determined that the arduous task should be commenced at the fifth mile-stone from Staines, close to the George public-house, and from thence to Staines and back. Two umpires and a referee were chosen on the same night, and every preliminary arranged. Relays of horses and gigs being on the spot to carry the umpires and referee, as well as those persons who were appointed to watch the progress of the match.

At four o'clock on Monday morning, the American groom, who seemed to regard his horse with the affection of a relative, was on the alert. He slept in the same stable, and roused him from his slumbers to give him a substantial feed. At six, accompanied by Mr. Henry England and Mr. Frederick Smith, who rode as umpires for the horse—all set out for the five-mile stone, where the other parties had assembled. The distance from the Red Lion was about a mile and a half, and although not yet light, it was evident that the little horse was all life and spirit. He was driven by the groom, who weighs about 140lbs, or ten stone. The match cart, which was made in America, was one of the lightest we have ever seen, not more than 108lbs., and decidedly the most compact, although not the most elegant, that has met our notice. The shafts ran level with the body of the horse, and the seat, which was lined with leather, was as near the axle-tree as possible, so as to give room for the driver to stretch his legs. The principle seemed to be, to place the weight close to the draught; and, in fact, the slightest exertion set the machine in motion. The horse was unseemly in his aspect, rough in his coat, and at first sight, slouching in his gait: in truth, any thing but what an English eye would select for such a performance. He had four good legs, however, and a brightness in his eye which led the connoisseurs to "calculate" there was something more than common in his qualities, and many began to "guess" that he would vindicate the fame of the Yankee breed of trotters, which are acknowledged to be the best in the world. Two watches, having been regularly timed by the umpires, were now produced, and having been stopped at the same moment, half-past six, were, at a given signal, started at the same instant, and with them the horse—and we must here pay a compliment to the excellent plans of Mr. England, who, having been appointed referee, rode the whole of the match before the American, in a gig, having been supplied with excellent relays of horses for that purpose. Mr. E. foresaw that, to perform so long a journey, the wisest plan would be to prevent over-exertion at first; and, although he knew the speed of the horse was equal to fifteen miles an hour, he resolved to keep him to a steady pace of about ten miles an hour, thus husbanding his strength for the last if it should be necessary; and in order to effect this, he further resolved to drive before him himself, with his watch in his hand, so as to regulate his time. This plan had the additional advantage of encouraging the animal, and checking that desire to increase his speed, which, if the road had been clear before him, and horses were travelling on each side of him, he would have evinced, and which to check, would only have produced fretfulness. It is needless to say that, to effect this, Mr. E. was provided with some good tits, who throughout were not permitted to let the grass grow under their feet. To Mr. Frederick Smith, also, great praise is due, for his activity, zeal, and attention throughout the match. He rode the whole hundred miles on five horses, and was indefatigable in giving notice for the necessary refreshments for the horse, and spared no pains to secure success. A stable was prepared for the reception of the American, close to the Five-mile stone, into which he was taken at the end of every twenty miles. Gruel was his only food, but he occasionally took a snap of hay, and never once showed a disinclination to grab.

The distances were thus performed:—

	H.	M.
First twenty miles	1	59
Taken out and in stable	0	8
Second twenty miles	1	59
Taken out and in stable	0	8
Third twenty miles	1	58
Taken out and in stable	0	11
Fourth twenty miles	1	42
Taken out and in stable	0	8
Last ten miles but one	0	52
Stooped to wash mouth with gruel, which he took with good appetite	0	2
Last ten miles	1	0
	10	7

Thus performing the hundred miles in ten hours and seven minutes, and having twenty-three minutes to spare of the time allotted him for the task; and, we must add, he came in as fresh and as lively the last ten miles, and at as brisk a pace, and with as free a will, to all appearance, as when he first started. In fact, Mr. England stated, that he had no hesitation in saying he could have done fourteen miles in the last hour, if necessary; and his owner declared that, if humanity would permit it, he should have no hesitation in backing him to do thirteen miles in the succeeding hour with perfect safety. The conclusion of this most extraordinary feat was hailed with loud cheers, and the little Phenomenon, as he may be well called, was walked back to the Red Lion at a pace of 4 miles an hour. On being groomed, and furnished with a fresh supply of gruel, he was as playful, and seemed to go to work on the hay with as good an appetite as if he had been merely performing an ordinary task.

The road throughout was immensely crowded during the day with gigs and trotters of every description, but especially at the Staines end, where a most fashionable assemblage was collected, including a brilliant display of the fair sex who seemed to take a deep interest in the match, and every time the horse approached received him with loud cheers. His last return was marked by more than ordinary exultation, and many rushed forward to touch him, a desire which the groom gratified by letting him stand for nearly two minutes.

The day was uncommonly favorable, and, although the road was hard in the morning, still it ran light, and, as the warmth of the sun increased, got better. The groom had but ten miles' relief during the whole journey, when a light boy was substituted; but this youngster was incapable of holding him in, and poor Bill was obliged to resume his seat, and finish his labours with a steadiness and regularity highly to be commended. Throughout the journey, although a small whip was provided, it was never once used, nor did the little animal on any occasion show the slightest vice or want of temper. A more extraordinary horse has, perhaps, never before graced the annals of horse-flesh in this country.

Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.

BRILLIANT DEER HUNT.

Sir—I am about to subscribe to your pages on account of one of the best runs with a deer that has occurred in our county perhaps in the memory of the oldest of your readers. The animal is the property of Mr. Crooks, of Bloomfield Hall, near Clelmsford, whose hospitality is so well known throughout the county of Essex, particularly towards the late Sporting Candidate. Having promised his friends at Ware that he would furnish them with his best deer on the occasion, all was anxiety on the eve of the day; for no sooner was it known that the thing had arrived, than numbers rolled into the Saracen's Head yard to catch a glimpse of him, but without effect: for he was suffered to remain in his den till his master and the Essex Gentlemen arrived, when he was turned into a stable and secured for the night; whilst a dozen of the choice ones betook themselves to a very excellent dinner provided by the very worthy new landlord; and, when dawn appeared, they betook them for an hour or so to a sleepless couch—at all events I for one found it so.

On the morning of the fifteenth of April, as early as six o'clock, horses were seen passing from Londonwards on their way to Braughling, which was nominated as the place for turning down; and continuing so till eight, when the town was one whole mass of confusion and bustle. Anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be procured was instantly engaged—as at Epping—to go and hunt the deer, instead of going to the hounds. It may appear strange, but nevertheless 'tis a fact, that a person who is commissioned occasionally to buy for Mr. Hanbury's hounds offered three Gents., (who agreed to be pals for the day) *twenty-seven shillings* for their three nags, which would have been accepted had they not been destitute of another conveyance! We had hounds of Sir F. Vincent; but he, thinking that they might not be able to take him, we applied to — Phillips, Esq. the Manager of the Royston Harriers, for six couple of his, and who very kindly forwarded them with his huntsman (who by-the-bye proved himself a good one) to meet us; and with three couple more from D. Hankin, Esq. of Stanstead, we formed a very smart pack, looking as if they were able to go the pace—some of the old ones remarked.

A little delay was occasioned respecting the place of meeting; but after going to — Ward, Esq. at Standon lordship, it was finally settled to turn down at the head of Braughling Bourne.

By half past twelve o'clock, at least two hundred people on horses, and five times that number on foot, had assembled, so novel was the sight to the Harts men. At a quarter before one o'clock the deer was uncarted, and went gradually away with a good character; his master offered to bet fifty that we should not take him in seventy minutes. Without any law being given him, he was followed by the hounds at a quick pace in the direction for Turk's Wood, below which he crossed the brook, and over the common to the right of Stonebury; then by the windmill near Buntingford to Aspeden Hall, where he was reputed by some as nearly done; and better for them had it been so, for a number of good cattle were at this early part of the chase in great want of wind.

From this point he pursued his route nearly to Throcking, where he was turned by a shepherd's dog; then away to Yardleybury, when some of the field received a royal salute from the worthy owner of the place, who caught them on the lawn at the drawing-room window, and which he considered bad manners, not having previously received their cards. From this Park not more than fifty followed the hounds, the remainder being compelled to give in. A gentleman on a grey horse, that was lately one of his Majesty's stud, in making for the nearest way to the gate out of the Park, unfortunately came in contact with a body, which, as Hood says,

"Left him hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest:"

but by good luck he arrived safe on mother earth, recovered his nag, and was well placed at the finish.

From this the deer went to Chivesfield House, where the hares, those vermin to the farmers, gave us great trouble, and a delay of at least twenty minutes; thence through Gravely, crossing the Baldock-road towards Roxley House, leaving Williambury to the right, to near Letchworth, where the hounds got on better terms with him, and, at twenty-five minutes past four o'clock, forced him to take the water at the tail of Hyde Mill, where we thought of securing him; and so we should, had not Mrs. Rowley, when he left the river, prevented him entering the brewhouse: but being brewing-day she said she had no *idea* of such a thing. He then jumped the garden wall, and went into the river at the head of the mill, where after some imminent risks incurred by Lord H—, who bogged his horse in making to him, and a slip of his professional friend, which immersed the latter to his middle in the water, he was secured and taken in a car to Hitchin.

My Lord and two other gentlemen procured a post-chaise, which conveyed him to the stable at Ware. The curiosity which this novel mode of conveying a deer excited can scarcely be conceived: the old ones laughed outright, the children cried, and the Johnny Raws above Stevenage, good Lord, how they stared! He rode perfectly quiet, with his head out of window, till he arrived at Ware; when one of his inside companions sounded the horn, which so startled him that he made a terrific rush for the street, and was with great difficulty prevented. Two Ladies of Ware in the morning had agreed to keep a particular look out for his return; but, after waiting till past eight o'clock, they gave up all thoughts of attaining their object, but were quite compensated, as they said, for their trouble, having seen a donkey pass riding in a post-chaise, a thing which they would not have believed had they not seen it.

So much for this run, Mr. Editor, which was one of the best our sportsmen have had this season; the proof of which was the condition in which some of their cattle were found at Hitchin, after the termination of the chase. But nevertheless, we had some from our shire, who were not left far behind the Essex gentlemen, among whom I noticed Messrs. Stacey, J. R. and G. Sworder, W. R. and F. Wyman, W. Bennett, T. Acres, W. and J. Cater, and last, though not least, our old pappa, John Chapman, who was always well placed, and particularly so when he prevented the shepherd's dog doing the deer an injury; and was, I believe, the only one up on the occasion.

On the Essex side I remarked Mr. Newman on a remarkably fine chesnut horse, Messrs. Orvall, Mills, Mason, and Buttle, who are capable on their nags to cross the country with any customer they may meet with; and the only consolation Mr. Crooks derived was, he said, at the end of about two hours, when he cast his eyes back, and clearly saw he was the last man in the field. He, however, contrived, when he saw his hart's course nearly done, to make a push, which enabled him to be in time to witness the taking of the deer.

Amongst the gentlemen who composed the field were Sir. F. Vincent, Capt. Codrington, the Rev. Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. Ward, Phillips, Basanquet, and Newman, who well sustained their chacacters as riders and sportsmen.

Yours, &c. REPEATER.

Ware, Herts. [London Sporting Magazine.

TALLEYRAND.—The wonder of the age—the arch of diplomatists, who has been at the bottom of all the thousand and one rogueries of the last forty years.

The history of this individual is worthy of the pen of William Cobbett. He was one of the few who escaped the revolutionary horrors of France—he was the confidant of every ministry; every party which strutted its brief hour upon the stage. He has borne a "charmed life." While ten thousand better men were displaced and beheaded, his head was always to be placed high in the ranks of the successful party. He has sworn allegiance to every successive faction, and done good service to each. He had always the sagacity to desert a falling building in good time to save his neck, and make it seem a voluntary act of abandonment. His life is a romance of inconsistencies and absurdities. The great secret of his unparalleled success in politics is his caution, and above all his unerring tact in deciding when and to whom "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee." He is an incarnation of apparent frankness and real hypocricies. His oath to support the government of Louis Phillipe was his thirteenth oath of allegiance. He prayed it might be his last, and well he might, though twenty more would have no more impression upon his conscience, than a kick upon an india rubber foot-ball. He is an old man, but still a giant of diplomacy. He could negotiate Metternich, Palmerston, and all that clan, to death in ten minutes, and they know it and keep their distance. He is at the bottom of all that protocol foolery about Holland and Belgium. If Louis Phillipe goes down, Talleyrand will be found in the other scale, and will go up. Sink!—don't mention the word. He will float like a cork, and feels as safe in a storm as a petrel.

The accident of his having issued from the loins of a Perigord, made him a gentleman, but for seventy long years he has been actively engaged in undoing the work of fortune. He has been an Abbe, a Bishop, a Constitutional Priest, a clerk in an office, a Minister, a keeper of a public house in America, a Prince of the Empire, a Teacher, a Secretary, a Grand Chamberlain, an Ambassador, a Protocolist, a Catholic, an Atheist, a Royalist, a Jacobin, a member of the Council of Five hundred, a Senator, a Bonapartist, an Extreme Droit, a Centre Droit, a Centre Gauche, a Quadmeme, a Doctrinaire, a Louis Phillipist, a Just-Millieu-man, a wit, a trimmer, a rake, a whist-player, a rat of many tales, a—— what not.

His first friend was the Count d'Artois. That Count is now the Ex-King Charles X., and Talleyrand represents King Louis Phillipe at the Court of St James. Shakspeare says that upon this stage, the world, each man plays many parts. Who has played so many as Talleyrand, and played them better? There he sits at a whist table—lo!—the scene changes, and he steps forth in the robes of a Bishop; anon he re-appears as mine host of the inn—lo! now he comes forward with the diadem of a Prince upon his brow! What will be the last act to crown this strange, eventful history? A few years will answer the question.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT TO MR. WILLIS.

SPA, Jan. 21st.

SIR—Your letter, dated the 10th inst. did not reach me until the evening of the 18th. You wrote that letter presuming me to be the author of a review of your work in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. I might, if I pleased, at once put an end to the discussion, but I will not, for this reason. It is the duty of those connected with periodicals not only not to tell who did write the articles, but also not to tell who did not; for if the latter rule was not adhered to, as well as the former, the circle of suspicion would soon become so narrowed that the authorship would be discovered. Literary men will not bear to have the truth told of their productions, yet the public expect impartial reviews, and this duty, unpleasant as it is, must be performed under the safeguard of secrecy. The editor of a periodical is therefore the party usually considered as responsible, when, to use your own expression, the article "transcends the limits of criticism;" but that office you may be aware I have for some months resigned. It is only, therefore, as a party deeply interested in the critique, that I can come forward to answer your letter. It appears to me that the case is simply this, (for I consider it advisable for the present to pass over all the minor points discussed in your letter)—the writer of the article, in defending me, has, in your opinion, attacked your personal character, for which you demand reparation. The question then is,

First, Do you come into Court with clean hands? and,

Secondly, Has your personal character been attacked by the paragraph in question?

You confess in your letter that your remarks upon my words were unjust, and at the time you had not read ten pages of them; and you further state, that the publication of them was on your part unintentional. Now, what is the inference to be drawn from the remarks you made as to the nature of my writings? That they are degraded, cannot be considered as literature, and are only fit for the debased appetites of the lowest classes. Now did it never occur to you that you might severely censure an author's private character by implication when reviewing his works, for as we must judge of the tree by its fruits, so must we estimate the character of a man by his writings when he deviates from the straight path. The mind must be debased from which debased works are produced, and therefore we hold in execration a Carlisle or a Paine. Now as you have represented my works of the lowest caste, you have by implication attacked my private character in your remarks upon them.

The next question is, whether your private character has been attacked in the paragraph in question? I read the critique most carefully, and particularly the paragraph with its context, and I do not consider that there is any attack upon private character. It is, as you observe, an insinuation, but it is an insinuation which may be taken in two ways, and it appears to me that you have not taken it in the way in which it was intended. The writer of this article, at the same time that he attacks you, is also defending me, and he wishes to remove the venom of the wound you have so gratuitously inflicted. The observations made by you upon my writings must be considered as more or less injurious in proportion to the rank of society and estimation of the person who made them. Such severe criticism as yours, coming from the pen of one who has been accustomed to the best society, must have carried great weight, and the higher the rank and position in society of the critic, the more injurious it would have been. It was, therefore, necessary in this instance, to point out that the critic had not been accustomed to good society. This paragraph would insinuate that you were of humble parentage, and had worked your way up in life up to the present. Now this, if true, is no crime, and therefore the remark can be no attack upon private character; although nobody likes it to be known that such is the case, especially when they have contrived to emerge from it. Therefore the writer of the article considers himself generous in not dwelling upon it, although he considered it necessary in my defence to point out that you had never been in that situation in society as to give importance to your remarks upon my works. I may be wrong, but such is my view of the paragraph in question. You have addressed yourself to me, and I shall now give you my candid opinion.

You have, by your own acknowledgment, unjustly, but unintentionally, been guilty of a libel, affecting the private character of one who never injured you, and you now claim redress for a fancied retort upon your own. As a gentleman and man of honour you are bound to make reparation for what you acknowledge to have been unjust and unintentional. It should have been done before. Your apology in a private letter is not sufficient. You are bound in honour to make it as public as the libel itself. When you have done this act of justice, as the attacking party and inflicting the first injury, you will have a claim to demand justice from others; and should it then appear, in the opinion of friends, that the remarks made in that paragraph in the review entitle you to demand it, you shall then have every explanation or satisfaction which in honor or justice can be conceded.

I am, Sir, F. MARRYAT.

MR. WILLIS TO CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge your letter of the 21st of January. I am most ready to make public, as you request, my acknowledment of having committed an unintentional injustice in a remark upon your works. With this view I have sent to a public Journal my first letter to yourself, and though it is not unusual to publish correspondences of this nature, without the consent of both parties, your absence from the country, and the time that must elapse before I can receive a more formal explanation, warrant me (I am advised) in overleaping the usual etiquette by sending also a reply. Eager as I am to make you every concession on this point, I cannot admit that I have been "guilty of a libel on your private character," or that I have even acknowledged it. The obnoxious remark was, that "your books could not be dignified with the name of literature, but sold considerably about Wapping;" and my acknowledgment admitted that it would have been unjust as a criticism, and was never intended for one. You do me too much honor in asserting in your letter that I have emerged from the station in life occupied by my parents. Whatever success I may have had, or whatever I may reasonably expect, I should be proud to be assured of obtaining hereafter either the extensive influence or the honorable consideration enjoyed by my father. As the editor and sole proprietor of one of the oldest and most widely circulated periodicals in the United States, he has sustained, through a long career in this trying profession, a reputation for talent and integrity never impeached. I refer you to my poems for evidence of the deep reverence and affection with which I have been inspired by one of the most pious and excellent mothers with which man was ever blessed. Honored by parents such as these, you may readily conceive why I decline a compliment at their expense. I have the honor, etc.

N. P. WILLIS.

"Hotel de l'Europe, Feb. 4.

SIR—I received your first letter, and replied to it as soon as the post would permit. Since that, my removal to Brussels and other incidental causes have prevented me from receiving any further communication, and until my arrival here on Saturday night I have been left in total ignorance of all that has passed. Your circular I have not yet seen; but yesterday, to my astonishment, I read in the *Times* my answer to your first letter, and a second from you in reply, which reply, even yet, has not reached me. I avail myself of the first post day since my arrival here to tell you, that taking advantage of my absence, you have, in the most unwarrantable manner, not only overleaped the etiquette usual upon such occasions, but, with intentions the objects of which are equally unworthy and unprecedented, you have thought proper to publish a circular previous to receiving my answer. Notwithstanding that I perceived that your evident object, in your first letter, was to gain notoriety, and that I was aware of the merited contempt with which you had been treated by other gentlemen, I considered it my duty, in my reply, to give you the choice of explanation or satisfaction, as soon as you had made an apology for a previous insult. But now the choice no longer rests with you. Your proceedings have been of a nature which cannot be passed over, and although I feel you are unworthy the honor, I now throw aside every feeling but indignation. I refuse all explanation, insist upon immediate satisfaction, and that you forthwith repair to Ostend to meet me—I say Ostend for the publicity you so unjustifiably, and so contrary to all the usages of gentlemanly society, thought proper to give to this matter, must render any meeting in England without interruption impossible. I am, Sir, yours, etc.

F. MARRYAT."

"Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, Feb. 5.

SIR:—I received last night your letter of the 4th of February. You have doubtless ere this received my second letter. I should immediately have complied with your invitation to meet you at Ostend, had it not been represented to me by a military friend, that your letter was founded on two decided errors, which it was first necessary to correct. You accuse me of having 'published a circular which you had not seen.' I have published no circular. Lithographed copies of my first letter to you were sent to seven of my particular friends, to clear my character in my more immediate circle of your unjust aspersions. This was probably the origin of your misapprehension. Your other ground of challenge is the irregular publication of our correspondence. You will have seen by the *Times* of the 1st of January, that the non-appearance of my first letter was an accidental omission. The publication of the three letters was resolved on by the advice of one of the most distinguished officers and most accomplished gentleman in this country. Your attack upon my parents and myself (he suggested) was public—had lain uncontradicted on the public mind for a month, and if there was blame to be attached to the publication of my reply, it was that it was not published sooner.—The immediate publication of my first letter was necessary to the vindication of my character. But at the same time it answered another purpose, for it contained the acknowledgment that I had made an unjust remark upon your works,

who seemed to take a deep interest in the match, and every time the horse approached received him with loud cheers. His last return was marked by more than ordinary exultation, and many rushed forward to touch him, a desire which the groom gratified by letting him stand for nearly two minutes.

The day was uncommonly favorable, and, although the road was hard in the morning, still it ran light, and, as the warmth of the sun increased, got better. The groom had but ten miles' relief during the whole journey, when a light boy was substituted; but this youngster was incapable of holding him in, and poor Bill was obliged to resume his seat, and finish his labours with a steadiness and regularity highly to be commended. Throughout the journey, although a small whip was provided, it was never once used, nor did the little animal on any occasion show the slightest vice or want of temper. A more extraordinary horse has, perhaps, never before graced the annals of horse-flesh in this country.

Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.

BRILLIANT DEER HUNT.

Sir—I am about to subscribe to your pages on account of one of the best runs with a deer that has occurred in our county perhaps in the memory of the oldest of your readers. The animal is the property of Mr. Crooks, of Bloomfield Hall, near Chelmsford, whose hospitality is so well known throughout the county of Essex, particularly towards the late Sporting Candidate. Having promised his friends at Ware that he would furnish them with his best deer on the occasion, all was anxiety on the eve of the day; for no sooner was it known that the thing had arrived, than numbers rolled into the Saracen's Head yard to catch a glimpse of him, but without effect: for he was suffered to remain in his den till his master and the Essex Gentlemen arrived, when he was turned into a stable and secured for the night; whilst a dozen of the choice ones betook themselves to a very excellent dinner provided by the very worthy new landlord; and, when dawn appeared, they betook them for an hour or so to a sleepless couch—at all events I for one found it so.

On the morning of the fifteenth of April, as early as six o'clock, horses were seen passing from Londonwards on their way to Braughling, which was nominated as the place for turning down; and continuing so till eight, when the town was one whole mass of confusion and bustle. Anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be procured was instantly engaged—as at Epping—to go and hunt the deer, instead of going to the hounds. It may appear strange, but nevertheless 'tis a fact, that a person who is commissioned occasionally to buy for Mr. Hanbury's hounds offered three Gents., (who agreed to be pals for the day) *twenty-seven shillings* for their three nags, which would have been accepted had they not been destitute of another conveyance! We had hounds of Sir F. Vincent; but he, thinking that they might not be able to take him, we applied to — Phillips, Esq. the Manager of the Royston Harriers, for six couple of his, and who very kindly forwarded them with his huntsman (who by-the-bye proved himself a good one) to meet us; and with three couple more from D. Hankin, Esq. of Stanstead, we formed a very smart pack, looking as if they were able to go the pace—some of the old ones remarked.

A little delay was occasioned respecting the place of meeting; but after going to — Ward, Esq. at Standon lordship, it was finally settled to turn down at the head of Braughling Bourne.

By half past twelve o'clock, at least two hundred people on horses, and five times that number on foot, had assembled, so novel was the sight to the Harts men. At a quarter before one o'clock the deer was uncarted, and went gradually away with a good character; his master offered to bet fifty that we should not take him in seventy minutes. Without any law being given him, he was followed by the hounds at a quick pace in the direction for Turk's Wood, below which he crossed the brook, and over the common to the right of Stonebury; then by the windmill near Buntingford to Aspeden Hall, where he was reputed by some as nearly done; and better for them had it been so, for a number of good cattle were at this early part of the chase in great want of wind.

From this point he pursued his route nearly to Throcking, where he was turned by a shepherd's dog: then away to Yardleybury, when some of the field received a royal salute from the worthy owner of the place, who caught them on the lawn at the drawing-room window, and which he considered bad manners, not having previously received their cards. From this Park not more than fifty followed the hounds, the remainder being compelled to give in. A gentleman on a grey horse, that was lately one of his Majesty's stud, in making for the nearest way to the gate out of the Park, unfortunately came in contact with a body, which, as Hood says,

> "Left him hitching on a tree,
> Branch'd off from all the rest:"

but by good luck he arrived safe on mother earth, recovered his nag, and was well placed at the finish.

From this the deer went to Chivesfield House, where the hares, those vermin to the farmers, gave us great trouble, and a delay of at least twenty minutes; thence through Gravely, crossing the Baldock-road towards Roxley House, leaving Williambury to the right, to near Letchworth, where the hounds got on better terms with him, and, at twenty-five minutes past four o'clock, forced him to take the water at the tail of Hyde Mill, where we thought of securing him; and so we should, had not Mrs. Rowley, when he left the river, prevented him entering the brewhouse: but being brewing-day she said she had *no idea* of such a thing. He then jumped the garden wall, and went into the river at the head of the mill, where after some imminent risks incurred by Lord H—, who bogged his horse in making to him, and a slip of his professional friend, which immersed the latter to his middle in the water, he was secured and taken in a car to Hitchin.

My Lord and two other gentlemen procured a post-chaise, which conveyed him to the stable at Ware. The curiosity which this novel mode of conveying a deer excited can scarcely be conceived: the old ones laughed outright, the children cried, and the Johnny Raws above Stevenage, good Lord, how they stared! He rode perfectly quiet, with his head out of window, till he arrived at Ware; when one of his inside companions sounded the horn, which so startled him that he made a terrific rush for the street, and was with great difficulty prevented. Two Ladies of Ware in the morning had agreed to keep a particular look out for his return; but, after waiting till past eight o'clock, they gave up all thoughts of attaining their object, but were quite compensated, as they said, for their trouble, having seen a donkey pass riding in a post-chaise, a thing which they would not have believed had they not seen it.

So much for this run, Mr. Editor, which was one of the best our sportsmen have had this season; the proof of which was the condition in which some of their cattle were found at Hitchin, after the termination of the chase. But nevertheless, we had some from our shire, who were not left far behind the Essex gentlemen, among whom I noticed Messrs. Stacey, J. R. and G. Sworder, W. R. and F. Wyman, W. Bennett, T. Acres, W. and J. Cater, and last, though not least, our old pappa, John Chapman, who was always well placed, and particularly so when he prevented the shepherd's dog doing the deer an injury; and was, I believe, the only one up on the occasion.

On the Essex side I remarked Mr. Newman on a remarkably fine chesnut horse, Messrs. Orvall, Mills, Mason, and Buttle, who are capable on their nags to cross the country with any customer they may meet with; and the only consolation Mr. Crooks derived was, he said, at the end of about two hours, when he cast his eyes back, and clearly saw he was the last man in the field. He, however, contrived, when he saw his hart's course nearly done, to make a push, which enabled him to be in time to witness the taking of the deer.

Amongst the gentlemen who composed the field were Sir. F. Vincent, Capt. Codrington, the Rev. Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. Ward, Phillips, Basanquet, and Newman, who well sustained their characters as riders and sportsmen.

Yours, &c.   Repeater.

Ware, Herts.   [London Sporting Magazine.

Talleyrand.—The wonder of the age—the arch of diplomatists, who has been at the bottom of all the thousand and one rogueries of the last forty years.

The history of this individual is worthy of the pen of William Cobbett. He was one of the few who escaped the revolutionary horrors of France—he was the confidant of every ministry; every party which strutted its brief hour upon the stage. He has borne a "charmed life." While ten thousand better men were displaced and beheaded, his head was always to be placed high in the ranks of the successful party. He has sworn allegiance to every successive faction, and done good service to each. He had always the sagacity to desert a falling building in good time to save his neck, and make it seem a voluntary act of abandonment. His life is a romance of inconsistencies and absurdities. The great secret of his unparalleled success in politics is his caution, and above all his unerring tact in deciding when and to whom "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee." He is an incarnation of apparent frankness and real hypocricies. His oath to support the government of Louis Phillipe was his thirteenth oath of allegiance. He prayed it might be his last, and well he might, though twenty more would have no more impression upon his conscience, than a kick upon an india rubber foot ball. He is an old man, but still a giant of diplomacy. He could negotiate Metternich, Palmerston, and all that clan, to death in ten minutes, and they know it and keep their distance. He is at the bottom of all that protocol foolery about Holland and Belgium. If Louis Phillipe goes down, Talleyrand will be found in the other scale, and will go up. Sink!—don't mention the word. He will float like a cork, and feels as safe in a storm as a petrel.

The accident of his having issued from the loins of a Perigord, made him a gentleman, but for seventy long years he has been actively engaged in undoing the work of fortune. He has been an Abbe, a Bishop, a Constitutional Priest, a clerk in an office, a Minister, a keeper of a public house in America, a Prince of the Empire, a Teacher, a Secretary, a Grand Chamberlain, an Ambassador, a Protocolist, a Catholic, an Atheist, a Royalist, a Jacobin, a member of the Council of Five hundred, a Senator, a Bonapartist, an Extreme Droit, a Centre Droit, a Centre Gauche, a Quadmeme, a Doctrinaire, a Louis Phillipist, a Just-Millieu-man, a wit, a trimmer, a rake, a whist-player, a rat of many tales, a —— what not.

His first friend was the Count d'Artois. That Count is now the Ex-King Charles X., and Talleyrand represents King Louis Phillipe at the Court of St James. Shakspeare says that upon this stage, the world, each man plays many parts. Who has played so many as Talleyrand, and played them better? There he sits at a whist table—lo! the scene changes, and he steps forth in the robes of a Bishop; anon he re-appears as mine host of the inn—lo! now he comes forward with the diadem of a Prince upon his brow! What will be the last act to crown this strange, eventful history? A few years will answer the question.

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The next question is, whether your private character has been attacked in the paragraph in question? I read the critique most carefully, and particularly the paragraph with its context, and I do not consider that there is any attack upon private character. It is, as you observe, an insinuation, but it is an insinuation which may be taken in two ways, and it appears to me that you have not taken it in the way in which it was intended. The writer of this article, at the same time that he attacks you, is also defending me, and he wishes to remove the venom of the wound you have so gratuitously inflicted. The observations made by you upon my writings must be considered as more or less injurious in proportion to the rank of society and estimation of the person who made them. Such severe criticism as yours, coming from the pen of one who has been accustomed to the best society, must have carried great weight, and the higher the rank and position in society of the critic, the more injurious it would have been. It was, therefore, necessary in this instance, to point out that the critic had not been accustomed to good society. This paragraph would insinuate that you were of humble parentage, and had worked your way up in life up to the present. Now this, if true, is no crime, and therefore the remark can be no attack upon private character; although nobody likes it to be known that such is the case, especially when they have contrived to emerge from it. Therefore the writer of the article considers himself generous in not dwelling upon it, although he considered it necessary in my defence to point out that you had never been in that situation in society as to give importance to your remarks upon my works. I may be wrong, but such is my view of the paragraph in question. You have addressed yourself to me, and I shall now give you my candid opinion.

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"Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, Feb. 5.

Sir:—I received last night your letter of the 4th of February. You have doubtless ere this received my second letter. I should immediately have complied with your invitation to meet you at Ostend, had it not been represented to me by a military friend, that your letter was founded on two decided errors, which it was first necessary to correct. You accuse me of having 'published a circular which you had not seen.' I have published no circular. Lithographed copies of my first letter to you were sent to seven of my particular friends, to clear my character in my more immediate circle of your unjust aspersions. This was probably the origin of your misapprehension. Your other ground of challenge is the irregular publication of our correspondence. You will have seen by the *Times* of the 1st of January, that the non-appearance of my first letter was an accidental omission. The publication of the three letters was resolved on by the advice of one of the most distinguished officers and most accomplished gentleman in this country.

Your attack upon my parents and myself (he suggested) was public—had lain uncontradicted on the public mind for a month, and if there was blame to be attached to the publication of my reply, it was that it was not published sooner.—The immediate publication of my first letter was necessary to the vindication of my character. But at the same time it answered another purpose, for it contained the acknowledgment that I had made an unjust remark upon your works, which you required should be made public. Common fairness dictated also that I should, at the same time, publish your reply. That reply contained all the explanation I cared to receive. It resolved the offensive passage in your review into a public insinuation that I was of humble birth, and not in good society—charges that I am quite content to have disproved. I presumed you would have made a more formal explanation in the same periodical which contained the attack, but I concluded that our personal correspondence was closed. This was the opinion also of my advisers. Having said thus much, I now reply to your challenge. If after the above representation you still maintain the position you have assumed in your letter, I am perfectly ready to meet you. As the challenged party, however, I in that case claim the right of selecting the place of our meeting. I cannot subject my relatives unnecessarily to the suspense consequent upon absence from the country, and I insist that our meeting shall be in England. As our dispute is supposed to be settled, no interruption need be apprehended.

I am, Sir, yours,   N. P. Willis."

"Hotel de l'Europe, Feb. 9.

Sir:—I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 5th February, in which contrary to the information I have received, you declare "you have published no circular." You also excuse the premature publication of our correspondence upon the plea of filial duty, and because your letter contained an "acknowledgement of your unjust remarks upon me." You further state, that my reply of the 21st January contained "all the explanation you cared to receive," and that you considered that our correspondence was closed.

After the above "representation" on your part, I might be accused of being influenced rather by a vindictive spirit than by a determination to resist the slightest attack upon my character, were I still to insist upon the hostile meeting demanded in my last letter. I shall, therefore, content myself with having expressed my opinion of your conduct, and with giving the same publicity to the remainder which you have been pleased to give to the commencement of our correspondence. You are in great error in supposing, that as the party challenged, you have the right of choosing the place of meeting. Allowing that the right ever existed on the part of you or your friends, you lost it when you gave publicity to the affair.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.   F. Marryat."

THE MARRIED MAN'S STORY.

I had the pleasure a few days ago, to meet, unexpectedly, a friend, from whom I had been many years separated. We had been mostly educated together, having passed our boyhood at the same school, our youth at the same university; but our fortunes were different. He, born to wealth, left college to mix with the world at home and abroad; while I turned to the profession I had long since made choice of, and began to lay my weary way towards independence.

We were both a great deal changed. My friend had lost much of the gay buoyancy of manner; much of the merry, happy, careless flow of spirits for which he had once been remarkable. I was less grave than I had been reckoned during our former acquaintance; yet I am a man of business, and married. We had much to say of the different chances that had occurred to us, and I found, that though altered in manner, in habits, and in character, we met the same to each other as we had parted. It was getting late in the day, and I asked my friend if he would go home to the small house I occupied, and dine quietly with my wife and me. He agreed instantly, shook hands with me in his own lively way, as he thanked me for asking him, and we turned into the street in which I lived. I must own I felt some little uneasiness at the thoughts of introducing my friend to my wife. I had often spoken of him to her, and I dreaded, lest she should not find the portrait faithful. In fact, I mistrusted my own judgment till it should be confirmed by hers, not that in words she would tell me that we differed, but I knew her too well in look and manner to be deceived. I did not feel quite easy at the idea of presenting my wife to my friend. His admiration would in no degree alter my sentiments towards her; but I felt I should be ill satisfied unless he thought her, in the course of one short evening, all I had found her during the three happy years of our union. My heart beat as I ran up the steps. I colored as I pulled the bell. The door was opened by our only man-servant, as I myself ushered my friend up stairs.

My wife was dressed with extreme neatness, though she expected we were to dine alone; and she was sitting, as usual, at her work-table, when the sound of my step upon the stairs made her raise her head. She came forward to meet me; and when I named my friend, she turned to welcome him, with a grace and gaiety that made him sure of his reception. She placed him beside her on the sofa, and I was soon at ease as to first impressions. We had not far to go to dinner. The lower part of the house being occupied by my chambers of business, our public rooms are confined to a small drawing-room on the first floor, and a still smaller library opening out of it. In this small library we dined. The dinner was ordered with neatness and taste, and served without display in an apartment simply furnished. My wife is not one of those who, to make a parade upon occasion, lessen the comforts of every-day life. She has never, since we were married, set before me a dinner I might not have brought a friend to partake of; nor has she ever appeared before me in a dress she could not have worn on occasions of ceremony. Yet our expenses do not, by any means, come up to our limited income. It is true, our wants are few; but we increase our luxuries as we go on. We do not live in the world, but we live very much in society; society that we like, and that likes us, and assimilates with us. All this, and more, in the warmth of my heart, I told my friend over a bottle of my best wine, when my wife rose [illegible] tea-table. He began to rally us upon our way of life, and [illegible] her that, in former days, I had played the inconstant among our circle of beauties, being fond to admire, and fickle to change. I saw that in his then mood it were vain for me to dispute his assertions; so to divert the time, and may be, to prevent my wife from thinking of any other, I pleaded guilty to one serious attachment, and offered to tell my story:

"Some years ago," said I, "when it first become the fashion to take shooting-quarters in the Highlands, I formed one of a large party who had engaged an extensive tract of moorland for the season. The game-keeper and the dogs were sent off early in July, and it was settled we were all to dine together at the farm house we rented with the ground, upon the 10th of August. My friends agreed to proceed northwards in a body; but as I dislike exceedingly travelling in that sort of company I declined forming one of it and set out by myself, some weeks before, on a tour through a range of my native country I had never yet seen."

At this part of my story my wife laid down her work; and looked up anxiously in my face. I smiled and proceeded.

"After an interesting and somewhat fatiguing journey, I arrived early on the morning of the 10th of August, at one of the principal towns of the north Highlands. It was market-day, and the streets were filled with crowds of well-dressed people, thronging in every direction. Several handsome equipages were driving along among the crowd, while gentlemen on horseback and foot passengers picked their way carefully through the groups of country people and their wares, who stopped every regular passage. I alighted at a very comfortable Inn, and having ordered some refreshment, I sat down very contentedly to look over a newspaper, which lay upon the table of the parlor I had been shown into, when chancing to raise my head, my eyes fell upon a mirror, which hung on the opposite wall, between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt. I was struck with horror at my own appearance. Hastily ringing for the waiter, I inquired whether there were any hair-dresser in the town on whose skill I might rely. I was told I was within a few doors of the first artist in the country. A man don't like to trust his head to a bungler; but the first step I took in Mr. Blank's shop convinced me the waiter had not been wrong in his assertion.—When the operation was over, I surveyed myself with much satisfaction in a small hand-glass, obligingly held to me for that purpose; but not feeling myself at liberty to indulge my contemplation so publicly, I returned as quickly as possible to my hotel, to consult at leisure the mirror, which hung on the opposite wall, between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt. I was perfectly enchanted with my good mien. I was cut and curled in the most becoming manner."

Here my wife laughed aloud; my friend, too, smiled; but I took no notice of the interruption.

"The Inn stood back from the street, in a large courtyard, the projecting walls of which, on each side, prevented any view beyond. Across this courtyard numbers of people were constantly passing. I sat down at the open window of my parlor to watch the various groups thus flitting before me. One, in particular, at once engaged my attention; it consisted of an elderly lady in grey, a child in a frock and trowsers, a young lady in white, with pink upon her bonnet, and the captain of a recruiting company quartered in the town. He was apparently saying something extremely amusing, for the young lady was laughing violently; and, looking up in her mirth, she threw on me, as I sat perched at my window, a pair of the most beautiful black eyes I had ever then seen. I fancy mine must have told her so, for she had not gone many steps before she raised those eyes again. Again they met mine; and this time, we both blushed. She withdrew hers quickly, and turned to the recruiting officer; he bowed as in the act of speaking. The lady in grey appeared to join the conversation, and they all walked leisurely on towards the projecting wall. Will she look up again? I pushed my well-curled head out of the window, she held hers, I thought, resolutely down. I followed them with my eyes, as they stepped along across the pavement. They reached the wall. The little child ran quickly out of sight. The lady in grey was half concealed. The young lady turned to reply to some gallantry of the recruiting officer, and once more her eyes were fixed on mine. In another moment she was gone. I drew my head in hastily, flung my hands before my face, to exclude all light: and again, in fancy, those beautiful eyes beamed brightly upon me.—After a few minutes I looked up. Crowds of gay passengers still moved on the pavement below, and talked, and laughed, and looked, as they passed me. Will she come again? I took out my watch: it was only three o'clock. Again I glanced at the projecting wall, and I followed eagerly, each succeeding group, as they emerged from behind it. Many a voice deceived me as it approached. Many a party turned the corner to disappoint me. Four o'clock: she will not come. I rose from the window in despair. As I stood, the sound of a voice I had heard before arrested my attention. There was a laugh, and a stamp, and a jingling noise, and the end of a sword-scabbard pointed out beyond the wall. Did he come alone? The little child ran forward: the lady in grey put out a foot; and again the eyes from the pink bonnet sought the window. We blushed crimson. The young lady turned to her never-failing resource, the recruiting officer. I darted forward, seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and followed her. They had reached the hair-dresser's shop, and they had stopped before it to examine some of his curiosities. The lady in grey took the little child by the hand, and walked on. The young lady prepared to follow her: but as she moved away, she cast one glance towards the window of the Inn: it was quite deserted. I neither stirred nor spoke, but I saw from her brightened color she was aware who stood beside her. She held a small nosegay in her hand. She began to pull to pieces the flowers which composed it, and she scattered the leaves upon the pavement. I stooped to gather them. A carriage was in waiting at the end of the street; it drew up as the party approached. A footman opened the door, and let down the steps, and the recruiting officer handed the ladies into it. He laid his arm upon the door, and stood and talked for some minutes. It was an open carriage; the young lady was leaning thoughtfully against one of the cushions. The officer talked longer; at length he bowed, and they drove away. I was standing before a druggist's shop, supporting myself on the brass-railing that protected it. As the carriage whirled rapidly passed, I ventured one glance at the pink bonnet. She was still leaning back against the cushions, and the remains of the nosegay were beside her. As she passed, she extended the hand, whiter than snow, which held it, over the side of an open carriage, pressed it for an instant to her breast, her lips, and dropped it gently at my feet. I started forward to receive the precious gift——"

"Oh! don't believe him," cried my wife, interrupting me: "it is all a romance; it is indeed, I never looked—I never meant—I——"

I interrupted her in my turn, and seizing the hand she extended in the energy of the moment, I pressed it, as she had done the nosegay she gave me.

FORM OF PROCEEDINGS AT LAW.

Proposed to be substituted for the present voluminous pleadings.

Higgins vs. Wiggins.—Wiggins *ads.* Higgins.

Declaration.—Defendant pulled plaintiff's nose.

Plea.—You lie.

Notice.—Take notice, that on the trial of the above cause this defendant will insist upon and give in evidence, under the general issue above pleaded, that before, and at, and after the said time of said supposed pulling, the nose of said plaintiff was then and there of an unreasonable, unwarrantable and impertinent length, thereby inviting and justifying such supposed pulling as aforesaid.

And this defendant, by leave of the court here for that purpose first had and obtained, will farther insist upon and give in evidence, that at, and before, the said time when, etc., this defendant requested and admonished said plaintiff, to protect said nose from being pulled by soaping the same. Which reasonable request of this defendant, this defendant well hoped would have been complied with. Nevertheless, the said plaintiff not regarding, etc., but wickedly and fraudulently contriving and intending craftily and subtly, to injure and oppress this defendant in the premises, wholly and utterly refused and neglected to soap said nose, or any part thereof. Wherefore this defendant, as he lawfully might do, peaceably and quietly laid hands upon said nose of said plaintiff, and tweaked the same with all imaginable tenderness.*

Replication.—You lie.

Rejoinder.—You lie.

Sur-rejoinder.—You lie.

Opinion—Per Curiam.—You lie on both sides.

Verdict of the Jury.—We can make neither head nor tail of the matter. Let's go to dinner.

* A thorough reform cannot be expected to be accomplished all at once. The professional pen can, with difficulty, be restrained from luxuriating in accustomed phraseology: it is therefore suggested that it may be indulged in one point of the pleadings, as in the present instance.

Notoriety.—One of the results of the newspaper-paragraph and magazine-writing mania, which characterizes the universal-diffusion-of-useful-knowledge age in which we live, is, that a modest man can no longer remain in private life. It is a melancholy fact that we, the people of these United States, are all becoming public characters—not alone, be it understood, in our sovereign capacity as rulers of the land, but in our several and individual condition as the people thereof. Every other man we meet is a pamphleteer, or a man of letters; and, for the want of a better subject for the exercise of his pen, his retiring and quiet neighbor is dished up for the public palate. Things have, indeed, come to such a pass, that it is dangerous for an idividual to step out of the beaten track of life, or lift his head above the common level of humanity. One cannot even eat potatoes with a knife, without attaining a painful and unenviable notoriety. We cannot act from impulse, or even perform a good action, if the thing is unusual, without the same provoking exposure.

A friend of mine the other day rescued a boy from drowning—and what was his reward? Why, they eulogized him in the penny papers, and wrote and published a doggerel poem to his praise! Unfortunate and injured man! Little did he think, when he plunged in, and snatched the miniature edition of humanity from the water, and handed him to his mother, that he was doing an act which would place his name in the "Transcript," between a police report and a "shocking [illegible] immortalized by the "Herald," warmed in the rays, would shed a glorious lustre around his sweetly-sounding cognomen of Jonah Bangs!

Knickerbocker.

Nelson's Valet.—"Some are born great, others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them," but there is yet another class who, by the quiet unobtrusive discharge of daily duties near the persons of the really celebrated, become, in a measure, identified with the heroes themselves, and eventually acquire a lustre, which, though borrowed, is yet scarcely undeserved.—There are many instances on record of such lesser lights, and I would add to the list a name which has lately been tacitly admitted—that of my friend Tom Allan, the long tried "wallet de sham"—as he styles himself, of Lord Nelson. This man always asserted that if he had been with his master during the action of Trafalgar, the fatal shot should never have been so correctly aimed; "Because, you see," he would say, "I used always to take care that he was dressed properly. When he was going into action he used to say, 'Tom I shall put on that coat,' (meaning the one decorated with his orders,) and I used to answer, 'No, my lord, you won't'—and when the battle was over—'There now, don't you think this coat looks better than if it was drilled through with bullets?'" No man is a hero with his valet-de-chambre, and it is not improbable that the faithful solicitude of the servant might have once more prevailed over the hardy daring of his master, and preserved a life invaluable to his country. He did once, however, save his lordship's life. Before the battle of the Nile, Nelson had a new hat which was too large for him; his servant accordingly stiched in a pad just over the temple, and this pad prevented still farther mischief from the shot which destroyed his eye. The hat was preserved by the Queen of Naples in a glass case—forming rather too distant a pendant to the uniform at Greenwich.

United Service Journal.

Rags For Sale.—The sign of "Rags bought here" induced a gentleman loafer, a few days since to offer the tatters that barely covered his body for sale, in order that he might raise the needful to obtain a glass of "summut to drink."

"Them 'ere's first rate rags," said he to the paper dealer eyeing his *holy* covering, "I would'nt part with 'em—but, you know, necessity has no law."

"Yes, but the country has," said the merchant in disgust; "your rags are not the thing I want, besides you need covering."

"Whoy, the fact is, mister—my *habits* is so bad, that I want to get rid on 'em reasonable, the Humane societies wont let me remain long without clothing—so, tell us what you'll give for 'em?"

"I would not buy them if I knew them to be lined with bank bills. What can induce you to part with your tattered garments, at this season of the year?"

"Whoy, ye see—I haint had nothing to drink since this blessed mornin—you dont know what it is to go without a nipper so long. Give us a quarter for em."

"The very fact of your wishing to purchase liquor would forbid my buying them, even if I had been disposed. You must be off!"

"I say, mister, if I throw *myself* in with the rags, will you give us any think?"

"No—begone!"

"You're a pretty marchant!—but I guess I can come it over you. I'll go get another tooth pulled—they're worth a quarter a piece, that's six three-cent nippers."

[Baltimore Athenæum.

Give and Take.—We have rarely seen a prettier specimen of impromptu retort than was made lately in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Mr. Andrew of Salem, whose style of eloquence is said to show itself generally *in flatu*, or as the unlatinized express it, is rather *blowy*, was opposed by Mr. Williams of Boston, who is somewhat ardent in debate, that is, a little fiery or so. In the course of the contest Mr. Andrew gave it as his opinion that the *heat* of Mr. Williams was intense enough to clear the Boston Harbor of all its ice. Mr. W. in reply, seemed to acknowledge his own caloric propensities, and said he had little doubt of the Salem member's accuracy, provided that gentleman would assist the operation by *some of his own wind*.

Cour. & Enq.

Great Postages.—To give an idea of the immense amount of postage paid in Wall-street alone, into the public treasury, we give the following sums in round numbers from the Ten Banks located in that street. They are as follows: United States Branch $5,000, Phœnix 4,300, Mechanics 4,200, America 3,000, Merchants 3,000, Manhattan 2,500, Union 2,000, New York 1,200, National 800, City 600. Total paid during the year 1835, $26,600.

Commercial Advertiser.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1836.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN MATCH RACE!

$17,000 agst. $15,000!

ARGYLE DISTANCED BY JOHN BASCOMB IN 7: 44!!

The issue of this celebrated match, the details of which are given below, has produced a very general and strong sensation among sportsmen in all parts of the country. The amount of money depending upon it could not have been much less than HALF A MILLION; indeed the failure of the cotton crop in Carolina could hardly have made more long faces or empty pockets *there*.

Although it has been exclusively a southern match, yet the feeling of emulation existing between South Carolina on the one side, and Georgia and Alabama on the other, had given a *sectional* character to the betting, not less marked than that which always characterises a match between the South and North on our turf. *Argyle* was the favorite of the Carolinians at large odds, and the particulars subjoined from our correspondents explain fully the state of the odds, and the comparatively small extent of "the transactions."

In this section of the country, the Carolina champion was even more a favorite than at the South, although we have uniformly been impressed with the idea that Col. CROWELL's stable was *the safer thing*, and so expressed ourselves all along in our paper, and among our friends. So little was known here of Alabama horses, or of Alabama sports, that no one here would listen to the idea of Col. Crowell's being able to produce any thing from his stable that could beat a horse thought worthy of being talked of for the great match here in June.

It is for its influence upon this last match, between the North and South, that our turfmen have awaited with such anxiety the result of the 12th at Augusta; and viewed in this light, it is of very great importance. What southern horse will now meet *Post Boy*? Argyle is out of the question, and *Trifle* is not in training. But is not *John Bascomb* a more promising nag for that post of honor than ever Trifle or Argyle have been? Look at his time—7m. 44s.! It has obviously not been equalled since Henry ran on Long Island in 1823. The Secretary of the Lafayette Course at Augusta, and another distinguished turfite in that city, assure us that their is track actually thirty feet over a full mile, making an excess of 120 feet in a four mile race. Now allow for this excess, by deducting from Bascomb's time, say in round numbers a second for every 40 feet, (not far from the average rate of our race horses at their speed) and you have the four miles accomplished in 7m. 41s! Now *Henry* ran the 1st heat of the Eclipse race in 7m. 37½s., according to the decision of the Judges, and by the watches of the "Old Turfman" and others, in 7m. 40s. Bascomb's performance looks pretty closely on to this, although we confess he was not the horse we had in our eye when we expressed the expectation some weeks since of seeing the wonders of the Eclipse race equalled this season.

But there need be no allowance for the length of the course at Augusta, or chafing about the time of the Eclipse race to bring the performance of Bascomb into notice. It is splendid every way; it is splendid, though he carried but 102lbs. on his back, (6lbs. under Henry's weight,) and though he ran a year under age, (he would have had 10lbs. more clapped upon him, had he run a month later;) for we must bear in mind that he had the race all his own way for the last mile and a half, with nothing to put him up.

We sincerely hope we shall see him here in June. Northerners will not flinch from backing their old favorite, however they may have been taken aback by the news from Augusta. We dont know enough of the gameness of Bascomb yet to back him against Post Boy; and those who have seen the latter make up a gap, time and again in the north bend of the Union Course in his fourth mile, will not be chary of their *mint drops*, when he has the chance to do it again. So that Southern gentlemen may rely upon carrying off all our ships and shipping laden with effects, if they can but get a nag on here that can go the pace with him and live.

That our readers may the better understand the state of things at Augusta, we publish the following brief extract from a letter to the Editor, bearing date Sunday, the 10th,—two days before the race. The circumstances there detailed were of course well known at Augusta.

AUGUSTA, [Ga.] April 10th. 1836.

[illegible] accident happened to him last night that may injure him. He ran the end of his bit into the roof of his mouth, and bled from a quart to half a gallon, according to the hopes or fears of the parties relating the fact. By dividing the difference, you will probably hit the truth.

Bill Austin, (CROWELL's main stay) is injured in one of his fore legs, and is thought out of the question for the match. His stable is now reduced to *John Bascomb* and *Lady Nashville*, both of which are very fine. The former will have to run the race if no further change takes place in the condition of the animals.

The town is filled with strangers, and all eager to bet on the great champion of the South. Crowell's bad luck has impaired public confidence, and he has but few backers, even—but should two to one be offered on *Argyle* against *Bascomb*, there will be heavy betting.

It is now raining, which will prevent good time being made, otherwise it would, I think, be next to that of Eclipse and Henry.

If any thing further occurs between now and the day of the race, you shall hear from me. After the race I shall immediately write you the result.

In haste, your friend and servt.

W. T. PORTER, Esq. *Editor New-York Spirit of the Times:*

AUGUSTA, Ga., April 12, 1836.

DEAR SIR: The great match race, four mile heats, came off to day over the Lafayette course, between

Col. JOHN CROWELL's [of Fort Mitchell, Ala.]

Ch. h. JOHN BASCOMB, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.old, 102 lbs.,

And Col. WADE HAMPTON's [of Columbia, S. C.]

Br. h. ARGYLE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Oscar, 5 yrs. old, 112 lbs.

Col. Hampton staked $17,000 on Argyle, against $15,000 on Col. Crowell's election of either of the following horses belonging to his stable, viz:

JOHN BASCOMB, ch. h. by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. old.
BILL AUSTIN, b. h. by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. old.
LADY NASHVILLE, br m. by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap, 5 yrs. old.
BOLIVIA, gr. m by Jackson's Bolivar, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs. old.

Col. Crowell to have the privilege of naming either at the post, on the day of the race. The match was made in the fall of 1835, and came off at the above date, 12th April, 1836.

As might have been expected from the celebrity of the horses, an immense crowd of anxious spectators from all parts of Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina, (many of our friends too, from Virginia were even present), assembled to witness this interesting trial of speed and bottom—a larger gathering, of any kind, has not often, if ever, been seen on southern ground; nor one, whatever may have been its nature, either political, religious, or social, where more order and decorum was observed. We record this with much pleasure, because it speaks volumes for the increasing morality, or moral restraints, or any thing else fanaticism may please to call it, of the age. Perhaps the best expression for modern tastes would be, *the temperance of the Spirit of the Times.*

"But to my tale, though laid aside too long,
The honest burthen of this honest song."

I have said the crowd was immense. The interest that pervaded the vast assembly was the deepest we have seen for some time, increasing in intensity more and more as the time approached for starting. "The men stood still and spoke not," and even the ladies, who in great numbers graced the scene with their presence, looked for a time like the beautiful statues of Phidias and Lysippus, *breathless* from anxiety for the fate of their respective favorites.

Up to the latest moment, it remained a matter of doubt with many, which horse would be selected by Col. Crowell. The appearance of John Bascombe, however, at the appointed hour, on the course, preceded "to the field of his former glory" by the illustrious, but now, alas! unfortunate Argyle, put this matter to rest. As the horses were led by the stand *uncovered*, a few bets were offered 7 to 4 on Argyle, but there were few takers. The preparation for starting soon after commenced. On stripping, John Bascombe looked as though he would say *if he could*, "My soul 's in arms, and eager for the fray," whilst on the other hand, poor Argyle seemed to have joined the temperance society, having *no spirits* about him, evidently as *low* in that commodity, as he was in flesh, exhibiting to the practised eye a feebleness which at once forewarned his hapless fate, and doomed him to defeat. Nevertheless, many who knew him best, though woefully discomfitted at seeing him in this pitiable plight, yet "were led to hope even against hope," when they saw at his side, ready to mount, the little *artiste*, WILLIS, the Chifney of the South.

The usual preliminaries being adjusted, the order was given to come up—John Bascombe having the track. The President of the Club, Col. PHINIZY, then announced that the following gentlemen had been selected by the parties to the match, to act as judges and timers of the race:

Gen. WALKER, of Georgia, JAMES ROSE, Esq., of S. Carolina,
Col. B. F. TAYLOR, of S. Carolina, JOHN B. IRVING, Esq., of S. Carolina.
Col. DAVID H. BRANCH, of Virginia,

The word "to go!" being given, both horses got off well together; Argyle, however, took the track immediately, and kept it during the first mile, which was run in 1m. 57s. Bascombe now went up, and ran locked with him from the commencement of the second round, to about the middle of the back stretch, when he headed and passed him easily. From this moment the race was over—Argyle got weaker and weaker with every effort. Willis applied the persuaders, but in vain. Nothing would do; he saw there was no chance, so quietly held him up in the last mile, and thus yielded the contest to his fortunate competitor.

The heat was run as follows:

1st mile, 1m. 57s.; 2d, 1m. 53s.; 3d, 1m. 56s.; 4th, 1m. 58s. Total, 7m. 44s.

Thus terminated this very interesting race, which for the sum staked, and the performance of one of the horses, has never been exceeded in interest and importance in this country. We are disposed to go still further and say, that no horse could have been produced in America, to beat John Bascombe on this occasion. The style in which he ran the race, and the manner in which he cooled off after the heat, (exhibiting no more distress than after his usual exercise), is sufficient authority to justify the belief.

Thus much for Bascombe. One word more in respect to Argyle: in justice to *his* reputation, his friends at a distance should be given to understand, that though beaten, his defeat has been neither dishonorable nor disgraceful. The rich garland that encircled his brow, it is true, has been transferred to another—but to no mean or unworthy champion of the turf; and in this there is much consolation. The blood of Bertrand, too, is *Carolina* blood, and the day may not be far distant, perhaps, when under more favorable auspices, the friends of Argyle may have cause to exclaim, "Monsieur Tonson come again!"

Independent of "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," and particularly horse flesh, (for Argyle has from different causes been complaining much of late), an accident occurred to him a few days since, from his groom sawing him injudiciously with the bit, in attempting to restrain him; by which he was as effectually bled in the mouth, as if he had been struck by a Phleme. The consequence was, he bled considerably, and from swallowing the blood a souring followed, which in addition to the other ailments alluded to above, has been deemed sufficient by many to account satisfactorily to his backers for the unfortunate result it has been our task to record.

WM. T. PORTER, Esq., EDITOR OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

AUGUSTA, (GA.) 12th APRIL, 1836.

Dear Sir:—I hasten to give you the result of the GREAT SOUTHERN MATCH RACE, between Col. Hampton's celebrated (and heretofore invincible) ARGYLE, and Col. Crowell's incomparable, though heretofore unknown BASCOMB.

At 1 o'clock Argyle came to the post with the whole train of "the knowing ones" offering and betting the large odds of men who (to use a Southern term) thought "they had the thing dead"—his exalted reputation dearly-earned in many a well contested field, having rendered him the general favorite—the crack racer of the south. But his "sun of glory" was soon to be eclipsed by the noble Bascomb, who appeared at his side—no way intimidated by the reiterated cheers at the approach of his far-famed competitor, but bearing himself with the lofty confidence of one who felt his power and eagerly sought "to break a lance" with a Knight worthy the manly spirit which "seeks its beam of glory in the foremost ranks of foes"—his friends, (his owner especially) replying to the tempting odds eagerly offered—"Gentlemen, we go for the race—not the money.—We mean that Bascomb shall this day earn the reputation of the best [illegible] At a killing pace, Argyle leading for near a mile and a half, when the noble Bascomb after a heavy pull, obtained permission from his sable rider, and in passing, bid Argyle "good bye, and a safe arrival at the goal," saying, however agreeable your company, your mode of traveling is too tardy. I must hasten onward and relieve my friends from their thirsty condition—from the time I left them I will be at home in *seven minutes forty-four seconds!*—I have already—like many other social persons—"lost time" by keeping company—but if you will give me yours I will see them *four or five seconds* sooner!—Good bye, my good fellow!—be at home as soon as you can. I pray you stop not at the head of the stretch, lest it be thought you contemn my humble pretensions and my company. Bring home the noble Willis—his friends may be anxious for his fate—hasten on, and let your provident friends turn loose the winged messenger* to waft with telegraphic dispatch the triumph of the day to your eager Columbia friends. I can't help it if they must return in mourning—I must assume the Crockett motto and "go ahead"—come along my sweet fellow, and (if you make the turn in time) witness the brilliant display of beauty and splendor reflected from the thousands of spectators—the waving of handkerchiefs by our fair lasses, the flourish of hats and sticks, and hear the irrepressible shout of the victor party. Ah! Come! and join with me while I receive the fond greetings of my friends in paying the high and honorable and not less deserving tribute due to the manly bearing of the vanquished—for our coming will be greeted by the elite of the South—the great—the wealthy—the brilliant and beautiful from all the South awaits us. Recollect you represent that chivalrous people who stand in the loftiness of their pride of state—a noble pride it is—to peril every thing in support of their firm convictions. But as I mean to be the faithful representative of the young and flourishing Alabama, and our laurels are all to win, I must nullify them for once. My people call and I obey—and off he set, passing through the remaining two miles, like a streak of red fire—scathing to blisters those who stood in his way, and leaving them no remedy but the fair prospects of the future crop to repair damages and molify the wounds inflicted in the short space of 7m. 44s. under a tight pull. Heavens! What an astonishing result! Then Bascomb's friends were confident of the race, but no one dreamed that *Argyle* could be distanced the first heat by any horse on the continent, and, (Quere,) can more than one do it? I have some experience you know—and I tell you frankly, that I have no doubt Bascomb could have won the first heat in several seconds quicker time than he did—and am as confident he could have repeated without falling behind the time of the first—i. e., I have full confidence he could have finished two heats in the average time of 7m. 44s. which places him in my estimation—if not the very best—certainly among the best racers that ever graced the American turf.

The day went off in a manner most creditable to all parties—the victors and the vanquished. No unkind cut—no taunting on the part of the first—no heaviness of brow—no irascibility or uneven glow was suffered to dwell upon the face of the last. The bearing of both does the highest credit to the turf and to the South. Col. Crowell and Col. Hampton have both signalized themselves on the occasion, by the bland and liberal courtesy of the one, and the lofty and manly bearing of the other. I could not say less of them or fail to name. An admirer of the turf, how could I fail to be charmed by the conduct of those who have proved themselves worthy a niche in her favorite temple, and won for themselves the first rank in the Calendar. There were a number of choice spirits besides. Champaign flowed freely, and our evening entertainment was greatly enhanced by the humorous anecdotes and merry-making songs with which the company were favored by Cols. Miller and Winter, Gen. Woodward, Dr. Irving, &c. &c.

There never were as many persons assembled probably on any race course in the South, as flocked in from all parts of the world, to witness this great contest, and had Bascomb's friends backed him, the Argyle people would have been completely nullified. But his reputation saved his friends, by creating doubts on the minds of all, save those few friends of Bascomb, who were best acquainted with his heel and confident in his game.

AUGUSTA, April 12, 1836.

DEAR SIR—The long agony is over, and *Bascomb* has proved victorious, as I prognosticated. The hour for starting was one o'clock, but by 12 o'clock the ground was well covered with bipeds and quadrupeds, carriages and carts, and every other moving thing. The betting was pretty free at 100 to 60, and large amounts were offered at even on *Argyle*, but no takers, three out of four of Crowell's stable having been injured. It seemed as though fate had decreed that he should not win, although he might have the best horse. His friends, therefore, had not the confidence which they would otherwise have had from private trials. So it was, and well was it for South Carolina that it was so. There can be no estimation made of the amount that they would have bet on Argyle, could they have been met. As it is their losses are severe, but not a sprinkling of what they would have been.

They started at the tap of the drum, Argyle in the lead and somewhat in hand, with Bascomb on his flank. In this position they ran for a mile and nearly a half, when the killing stroke at which they were moving began to tell upon Argyle, while it seemed just to have got Bascomb in good mood for running. The latter now took the lead, perhaps a couple of lengths, and ran in that position for another mile, when Argyle lost his action and Bascomb began to widen the gap, until the end of the heat, when Argyle (would you believe it!!!) was *no where*,—he was actually *distanced* the first heat. The mountain labored and brought forth a mole. The time was 7m. 44s. The course 30 feet over a mile.

It is but an act of justice to Argyle to say that I pronounced him out of condition before he started, and also, but an act of justice to Bascomb to say that mortality could not have put Argyle in fix to beat him. It is hinted that Bascomb will run the great match at the North, and now let me prophecy again:—*He will beat your Post Boy if in condition.*

The match between *Hickory John* and *Miss Medley*, has not yet been closed as stated in some of the public gazettes, but I affirm that it will be made to-night for $10,000 a-side. I will prophecy again—Hickory John will win it. He is equal to her in blood, and superior in stamina, with a full share of foot. He can live under the spur all day. I think that *Bay Maria* and *Bascomb* will contend for the four mile purse on Thursday. *Pomona* and *Accacia* will probably run for the three mile purse to-morrow, and the contest doubtful. Pomona is the fleetest, but Accacia I should say the gamest. Yours in haste.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Augusta, Ga. April, 12, 1836.

DEAR SIR—As my paper will reach you two mails later than this letter, I hasten to apprize you of the result of the great match with *Argyle*. Col. Crowell ran *John Bascomb*, who distanced *Argyle* the first heat with ease. *Bascomb* absolutely ran off with his rider, and distanced his competitor, contrary to the loud and repeated orders of his owner. I hope you will allow now, that Argyle has had something to run against. The time, we think, would have been several seconds shorter, if Bascomb had been pushed; but as it is, the South will not feel ashamed to take it for the standard of Southern Championship. Time 7: 44. 1st mile 1: 57.—2d 1: 53.—3d 1: 56, and 4th 1: 58.

John Bascom is, therefore, the champion of the Southern Turf, having transferred the plume of victory to his own brows.

You may have perceived, that I have never regarded Argyle as a first rate race horse—because he had never run a race in even decent time. It was not as you recently rather severely said because he had nothing to run against. I believe we have half a dozen horses that can beat him. Billy Austin, Miss Medley, Hickory John, and Gov. Hamilton, (before his failure) had many friends, who believed they were his full match. In haste, yours, &c.

Augusta, 12th April, 1836.

DEAR SIR—The great race which has caused so much excitement throughout our part of the country, came off to day.

Argyle came on the turf in a "bad fix." The start was splendid. The odds were, until this morning, two to one in favor of Argyle. Argyle led the first [illegible] Crowell's choice, *John Bascomb* came out beautifully. After Bascomb took the lead, "*the thing was dead.*"

I have not time to give you the particulars, but Argyle is "ruined;" he was distanced in the first heat—$200,000 have changed hands,—our Carolina friends are "*used up.*"

The population of our City is about 8000, and I really think that 5000 people were witnesses to the above race. In great haste, truly yours,

AUGUSTA [Ga.] JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SECOND DAY; April 12, Silver Pitcher and contents. Three mile heats.

Col. R. Singleton's imp. b. f. *Medora*, by Chateau Margeaux, out of Mary Ann, 3 years old, 83lbs 1 1
Col. J. G. Winter's ch. f. *Acacia*, by Henry, dam by Marshal Duroc, 3 years old, 83lbs ..... 2 dist.
Mr. D. Guignard's ch. h. *Sir Kenneth*, by Crusader, dam by Young Buzzard, 4 years old, 100 lbs ..... 3 dr.

Time, 1st heat, 6: 3—2d, not reported.

The particulars we subjoin from the Daily Constitutionalist:

At and before the start *Medora* was the favorite, and bets on her (2 to 1) against the field, were freely offered and accepted. The horses were placed in the following order: *Sir Kenneth* inside, *Medora* second, *Acacia* third—Medora leading, but before she had passed the first quarter, Acacia crossed her, and continued to lead about three quarters round, when she in turn was passed by both Medora and Sir Kenneth: the horses remained in this position until the third round, when Acacia made a bold push for the heat, and succeeded in passing Sir Kenneth, (who dropped just within the distance post, and was withdrawn) and came up to the stand about 30 feet behind Medora. Time, 6m. 3s.

Before running the second heat, the backers of Medora became more sanguine of success, and freely offered four to one, which was generally taken up by the backers of Acacia, (they trusting to providence for the result.) At the tap both horses started—Medora leading by about 20 feet, which distance she increased every jump, and distanced Acacia the second round—thus winning the race in two heats.

The time is only given of the first heat, and is good, considering the heavy state of the turf, which was very wet, it having rained from ten o'clock on Tuesday evening until about an hour before the race came off.

THIRD DAY, April 14. Purse $1000. Four Mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. *Bay Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 4 yrs. old, 97lbs 1 1
Col. James J. Pittman's b. c. *American Citizen*, by Marion, dam by Harwood, 3 yrs. old, 86lbs 2 2

Time, 1st heat, 7: 56—2d, 8: 27. Bay Maria the favorite.

We are also indebted to the Constitutionalist for the details annexed:—

Bay Maria was the general favorite, and even bets on her would not take, and her backers in order to get bets had to offer two to three, three to one, and in many instances four to one. Both horses appeared in good order when brought up to the post, and at the tap of the drum, had a fine start,—American Citizen the inside track. It was a beautiful race the first, second and third round—American Citizen taking the lead, and Bay Maria trailing until the fourth round—when the rider of Bay Maria gave her the reins and she came in ahead in fine style, leaving American Citizen about twenty yards behind. Time 7m. 56s.

After the usual time allowed for rubbing down, the horses were again brought up to the stand, and at the tap were off, Bay Maria leading about twenty feet—which distance she kept the two first rounds, and increased on the third and fourth, coming in ahead about thirty yards, and winning the race in two heats. Time 8m. 27s.

We are glad the beautiful *Bay Maria* is in such good hands. "None but the brave deserve the fair." If she comes on the turf "right" for a few years more, the *Trifle* she will make for her chivalrous and high-minded owner, when compared with the "mere circumstance," (to him) thrown away upon Argyle, will be like a sixpence among six cents. Lightning don't strike the same tree twice!

FOURTH DAY.—Ladies' Purse, $400, Mile Heats, best 3 in 5. The entries were Clodhopper, Davy Crockett, and Wilcox. The result had not reached us when our paper went to press.

☞ The Grand Jury have found a true bill of indictment against *Robinson* for the murder of Helen Jewett.

* The friends of Argyle brought with them some trained pigeons, to waft, in brief space, the result of the race. If Argyle won they were to bear a gay colored ribbon—if defeated, the messenger was to be clad in mourning surmounted by the name of Bascombe instead of Argyle. According to arrangement they were let loose—but 'tis said that as in olden times the omen to be derived from their flight tended to Southern rather than Northern triumph—they would not bear off the laurels of the far South.

Sporting Intelligence.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, FIRST SPRING MEETING.

WM. T. PORTER, Esq. Trenton, N. J. Feb. 19, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR—The sweepstakes for "three year old colts and fillies, Mile heats" was run to day in "spite of wind and weather," during an incessant rain and contrary to general expectation, but a comparatively small number of persons attending. The "informed," however, were all present, knowing that a sweepstake is seldom postponed. Of the twelve nominations only four appeared on the ground. Mr. Van Mater's "*Mortimer* c. c. by *Monmouth* Eclipse dam by Oscar" when stripped showed entirely too much flesh, but looked and felt right. He is indeed a perfect picture. Mr. Stevens' *Fanti* by Henry, was lively and lean, but altogether too restless, and threw herself before starting. Mr. Vandyke's g. filly was in very good condition apparently, as was Mr. Tom's *Julia Montgomery*. The latter and Fanti were rather favorites.

The start was a good one, Fanti having a little advantage, which she kept for half a mile, when Mortimer handsomely walked up, passed, and "did the clean thing" by about a length, apparently, hand in hand. The grey filly second, Fanti third, and Julia Montgomery last. Time 2: 1. Next heat, a little odds on the Monmouth Eclipse colt. A very neat start, (by the way our friend LAIRD knows how to do it,) Fanti something ahead: and after the first turn they each alternately led, the riders being unwilling to be "after taking" so much of the mud as had been lavishly thrown upon them in the first heat. On coming upon the straight side Mortimer closed upon the grey, and waded out ahead in despite of all opposition in 2m. His owner and breeder, Mr. J. H. VAN MATER, has in this instance shown them a trick they hardly anticipated, and found out at the same time that he is something richer, and has a mighty fine colt to boot. It will take a bag full of the Bentons to buy him, and without an accident there must be trouble with him in the fall. In haste, your friend, L.

P. S. In consequence of the continuance of the rain, the four year old purse was not run to day, but will be run directly after the 2 miles out to-morrow. There are only three entries—Capt. Stockton's *Emelia* by Lance, Daniel Abbot's *Ophelia* by Lance, and Samuel Laird's *Jane Maria* by Henry. You shall have the result. L.

☞ A report of the second and third days' races was prepared for our paper this week at Trenton, but the letters containing it, being entrusted we presume to a private hand instead of the U. S. Mail, have not *of course* reached us. We never knew a letter so sent to arrive in season. In the meantime we copy the bare result of the second day from the card of a friend who attended the races, and we have perfect confidence in their accuracy, as our friend is a "kowing one."

SECOND DAY, April 12. Sweepstakes, Two miles out, $50 subscription P. P. $150 added, for three yr. olds; 90 and 57 lbs.

J. H. Van Mater named bl. c. *African*, by Valentine, dam by Bertrand 1
D. Abbott named c. f. *Ione*, by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition 2
S. W. Camp named c. c. *Albert Morris*, by Henry, dam by Duroc 3
R. F. Stockton named b. f. *Cassino*, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, dr.
Time 4: 13

SAME DAY. Purse, $200. Mile heats, for four yr. olds, 101 lbs.

Jos. K. Van Mater entered b. f. *Emelia*, by Lance, out of Nettletop 1 1
D. Abbott entered c. f. *Aurelia*, by Lance, dam by Revenge 2 2
S. Laird entered c. f. *Jane Maria*, by Henry, out of Modesty 3 3
Time 1: 54—2d heat not reported.

SAME DAY. Purse, $300. Two mile heats.

R. F. Stockton's c. c. *Middlesex*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancy, 4 yrs.old, 104lbs 0 1 1
J. C. Stevens' ro. m. *Floranthe*, by Eclipse, out of Goliah's dam, yrs. old, 111 lbs 0 3 2
S. Laird's (Gen. Irvine's) b. m. *Azalia*, by Mambrino, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs. old, 111 lbs ..... 3 2 —
J. Vandyke's b. m. *Queen Dido*, by John Richards, dam by Duroc, aged; 123 lbs ..... 4 4 —
Time, 3: 49—4: 1—4: 3.

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One can now get to the Race Course with comfort and speed by the Jamaica Rail Road, and if the weather be fair, all New York will go down.

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"When did you hear from *old Tom?* We heard he had been among the Seminoles getting subscribers! I expect Oseola was among the number of his *get*——*he* is the greatest *sporting* character in *them* parts."

MATCHES, AND NEW JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

PHARSALIA COURSE, NATCHEZ, MISS.

The new Club recently established at Natchez, Miss., held their first meeting on the 23d of March, previous to which the following officers were appointed:—

JOHN ROUTH, Esq., PRESIDENT.

Stewards,
THOMAS EVANS, STEPHEN ELLIOTT, & F. L. CLAIBORNE, ESQUIRES.

Secretary and Treas. WILLIAM J. MINOR, ESQ. *Timer,* W. H. CHAMBERS, ESQ.

The reports which follow are gleaned from the letters of one of our special travelling correspondents at the South, and will be read with interest. The Club, as will be perceived, have adopted the Maryland scale of weights. The official report has not yet reached us, but as our correspondent is no "green horn," the general correctness of his statements may be relied on.

MONDAY, Mar. 21, 1836. Match, Mile heats, $1,000 a side.

Mr. John G. Perry's s. c. *Wild Bill, Jr.* by Wild Bill.
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Sarah Siddons*, own sister to Fanny Kemble.

The above was declared a drawn race by the judges, which opinion was appealed from. The matter was ultimately settled by leaving the decision of the question to the Jockey Club of St. Francisville, La.

WEDNESDAY, Mar. 23. Jockey Club Purse $300, and an inside stake of $1000 a side between Prince Talleyrand and Margery Greer—Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. *Naked Truth*, by Leviathan 3 1 1
Mr. Wm. J. Minor's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, 6 years old, 115 lbs 1 3 3
Mr. M. E. Boyles' b.c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Am. Eclipse 4 years old, 100 lbs 2 2 2
Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. Margery Greer, by Stockholder pd. ft.
Time—1st heat 4m. 1s—2d heat 3m. 53s—3d heat 3m. 59s. The winner the favorite.

Talleyrand, if we mistake not, was bred by Col. W. R. Johnson, of Va. and formerly bore the name of *Highlander*. Hard Heart and Naked Truth ran for the 1st heat, though Talleyrand was "backed" for it by "the crowd." The grey gelding won it easily; for a single two miles he is deemed a "nonsuch" in Mississippi. The 2d heat was a scalder; Hard Heart cried *peccavi* in the second round, when Naked Truth passed and was never headed, Talleyrand running under whip and spur. Hard Heart led off the 3d heat in such style as to astonish the natives; but the "go along" was soon out of him and he "shut up." The race between the other two was very severe for the next mile, but the Leviathan filly soon jilted her partner, though a prince, and the diplomatist came in several lengths in the rear, waited upon by the grey eunuch after an unsuccessfull mission.

THURSDAY, Mar. 24. New Jockey Club Purse, $700, and an inside stake of $1000 a side between Chuckfahila and Antelope, Three Mile heats.

Mr. Wm. J. Minor's b. h. *Lauderdale*, by Sir Archie, 5 years old 110 lbs 1 1
Mr. B. Pryor's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand, 5 years old, 107 lbs. 2 2
Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder, pd. ft.
Time—1st heat 6m.—2d heat 6m. 4s. Lauderdale the favorite.

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Stewards,
THOMAS EVANS, STEPHEN ELLIOTT, & F. L. CLAIBORNE, ESQUIRES.

Secretary and Treas. WILLIAM J. MINOR, ESQ. *Timer,* W. H. CHAMBERS, ESQ.

The reports which follow are gleaned from the letters of one of our special travelling correspondents at the South, and will be read with interest. The Club, as will be perceived, have adopted the Maryland scale of weights. The official report has not yet reached us, but as our correspondent is no "green horn," the general correctness of his statements may be relied on.

MONDAY, Mar. 21, 1836. Match, Mile heats, $1,000 a side.

Mr. John G. Perry's s. c. *Wild Bill, Jr.* by Wild Bill.
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Sarah Siddons*, own sister to Fanny Kemble.

The above was declared a drawn race by the judges, which opinion was appealed from. The matter was ultimately settled by leaving the decision of the question to the Jockey Club of St. Francisville, La.

WEDNESDAY, Mar. 23. Jockey Club Purse $300, and an inside stake of $1000 a side between Prince Talleyrand and Margery Greer—Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. *Naked Truth*, by Leviathan	3	1	1
Mr. Wm. J. Minor's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, 6 years old, 115 lbs.	1	3	3
Mr. M. E. Boyles' b. c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Am. Eclipse 4 years old, 100 lbs.	2	2	2

Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. Margery Greer, by Stockholder pd. ft.
Time—1st heat 4m. 1s—2d heat 3m. 53s—3d heat 3m. 59s. The winner the favorite.

Talleyrand, if we mistake not, was bred by Col. W. R. Johnson, of Va. and formerly bore the name of *Highlander*. Hard Heart and Naked Truth ran for the 1st heat, though Talleyrand was "backed" for it by "the crowd." The grey gekling won it easily; for a single two miles he is deemed a "nonsuch" in Mississippi. The 2d heat was a scalder; Hard Heart cried *peccavi* in the second round, when Naked Truth passed and was never headed, Talleyrand running under whip and spur. Hard Heart led off the 3d heat in such style as to astonish the natives; but the "go along" was soon out of him and he "shut up." The race between the other two was very severe for the next mile, but the Leviathan filly soon jilted her partner, though a prince, and the diplomatist came in several lengths in the rear, waited upon by the grey eunuch after an unsuccessfull mission.

THURSDAY, Mar. 24. New Jockey Club Purse, $700, and an inside stake of $1000 a side between Chuckfahila and Antelope, Three Mile heats.

Mr. Wm. J. Minor's b. h. *Lauderdale*, by Sir Archie, 5 years old 110 lbs.	1	1
Mr. B. Pryor's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand, 5 years old, 107 lbs.	2	2

Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder, pd. ft.
Time—1st heat 6m.—2d heat 6m. 4s. Lauderdale the favorite.

This was really betting race, indeed; the Mississippians "put on the pot" like mad, against the favorite and took all the odds offered, eagerly; consequently "a hull heap o' money" changed hands. Col. Claiborne's stable having cut out the work for many a string of fast ones this season was quite knocked up.—Lauderdale belongs to JAMES JACKSON, Esq. of Florence, Ala. Chuckfahila is a favorite mare of Col. BINGAMAN'S of Natchez.

In the 1st heat the bay mare had the track but Lauderdale went up and "tried it on," and it was soon found to be "a nice fit," though a "tight" one. The mare locked him twice but was finally beaten about two lengths. The 2d heat was well contested, and the mare showed such thorough game that her friends never despaired of her taking "the aforesaid" until the distance pole was left behind.

FRIDAY, Mar. 25. New Jockey Club Purse $1200. Four mile heats.

Mr. Wm. J. Minor's b. m. *Betsey Malone,** by Stockholder, 6 years old, 115 lbs.	1	1
Mr. J. G. Selph's g. m. *Piano*, by Bertrand, aged, 121 lbs.	3	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's g. f. *Fanny Jarman*, by Mercury, 3 years old, 83 lbs.	2	3

Time—1st heat 8m. 8s.—2d heat 8m. 35s.—Betsey Malone the favorite.

Piano lead off the 1st heat in slap up style, but the pretty little Fanny Jarman went up and collared her and looked like a winner, until the "crack" of Alabama who had been holding up for a brush, went at her on the last half mile and fairly took the shine out of her by winning the heat in a canter. The time, however, was very so-so-ish; 8m. 8s. is any body's race. The 2d heat was done in 8m. 35s., consequently, the whole field must have played "possum," for at this rate either horse singly could have easily distanced the other. However, our correspondent writes that the three ran so evenly together for two rounds that they all might have been covered with a blanket.

SAME Day. Match, $1000 a side, One mile out.

Mr. W. R. Peyton's *Miss Blevins*, by Leviathan, received forfeit from Mr. John Crow's *Alfred Hartwell*, by Sir Richard.

SATURDAY, Mar. 26. New Jockey Club Purse, viz:—The entrance money of that and the preceding Club days. Free for all horses. Mile heats best, 3 in 5.

Mr. Wm. J. Minor's g. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, 5 years old, 115 lbs.	3	2	1	1	1
Col. Osman Claiborne's br. m. *Cassandra*, by Stockholder 4 years old, 97 lbs.	1	1	2	2	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Sarah Siddons*, own sister to Fanny Kemble, 2 years old, 67 lbs.	2	3	4	dist.	

Time—1st 2m. 15s.—2d 1m. 58s.—3d 1m. 52s.—4th 1m. 55s.—5th 1m. 59s.

Cassandra was not pushed the 1st heat and won in a canter; the 2d, though put up to her work, she won by two lengths. The 3d heat was backed "a safety" by Cassandra's "friends in the crowd," but the orders to her rider were not to go for it, which gave it to Hard Heart. At least so report says, but when by winning it the race would have been decided in her favor, the story, with us, at least, "will not go down!" The 4th heat was a breather—a "touch and go" from the start. The three were frequently locked, but after a severe brush Hard Heart was hard hearted enough to beat the ladies by a length. In consequence of not having won a heat, Sarah Siddons was now declared distanced. The 5th and last heat, after a smart rally, was handily taken by Hard Heart, and thus closed the first meeting of the New Natchez Jockey Club.

* If Mississippi horses date their age from the 1st of January, Betsey Malone should have carried weight for an aged horse, (121 lbs.) she being seven years old.—ED. SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Editor's Correspondence.

THE GREAT MATCH RACE.

In laying before our readers many spirited and interesting details from our Augusta Correspondents, we may be allowed the expression of our indebtedness to them for their courtesy and attention in forwarding to us the earliest and only complete accounts of the races, received in this city on Wednesday last. To the Editors of the "Daily Constitutionalist," and of the "Courier," also, we are under peculiar obligations, as well as to the Secretary of the Club. And we might further name three prominent Turfmen, of whose interest in our success we are not unmindful. We beg to assure them that we fully appreciate the good feeling which prompted them severally, to write out a full report of the great race, the moment it was concluded, in season for that day's mail for Charleston, from whence we received them by the steam-packet.

That our readers may judge of the perfect correctness and impartiality of the two first letters which report the great match in our paper to-day, we insert the following paragraphs from the Daily Constitutionalist, published at Augusta, wherein both appeared by consent of the writers:

"☞ THE GREAT MATCH RACE.—The subjoined account of this Race, which we have the pleasure to lay before our readers this morning, was prepared for the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, in New-York. We have, however, obtained a copy, and publish it at the request of many of the *friends of both horses* as an authentic and full detail of an event which our subscribers at a distance will no doubt be anxious and gratified to receive as expeditiously as possible.

"We have obtained a copy of another account of the great match race, which we publish with pleasure, and which was also prepared for the *New-York Spirit of the Times.*"

It may not be improper to remark that the first letter was written by one of the Judges and Timers of the Race, and submitted to Col. HAMPTON, and Col. CROWELL, and others interested in the result, at whose request it was prepared expressly for THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

GOSSIP IN SOUTHERN SPORTING CIRCLES.

To the Editor of the New-York Spirit of the Times:—

DEAR SIR: The far-famed *Betsey Malone* has passed out of Mr. JACKSON'S hands, at the trifling sum of $3000. She was richly worth $5000, but as Mr. J. was becoming overstocked, I think he acts wisely in selling off at fair prices. *Lauderdale* won his match (2 mile heats $2000 a side), against *Piano* in two heats. Mr. Jackson has a promising *Leviathan* in training, belonging to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., of Nashville. He also has one belonging to LUCIUS POLK, Esq. Kirkman's colt, *Wacousta*, has distinguished himself, having last year beaten a large field, among them a Leviathan filly out of Sally Hope. Gen. DESHA has been offered $5000, cash up, for *Angora* and her engagements. He was offered that amount for her and her chance for the Logan stakes. His judgment *there* was good—how it will prove in the match against *Rodolph* is yet to be seen. The *mare* has the "*foot*" of the *horse*, (and he is not *slow*), but how she will stand a long and hard tug, is yet to be ascertained. It ought to, and will be, a *heavybetting race;* state pride will influence the betting: *old Kentuck* is *monstrous spunky*, and then Tennessee is of the real *old blue hen* breed. The *Hoosiers* and *Buckeyes* will pit Old Kentuck, while the *cotton tails* will back Tennessee. If Rodolph beats Angora, it will give rise to much racing between Kentucky and Tennessee. Both states have lots of fine horses, and when their *dander* is *riz*, they go it with a *perfect looseness*. Mr. Jackson has accepted Mr. Pankey's proposition, and the offspring of the celebrated *foreigners* are to battle for the honor of their sires.

Many years ago, ere the spirit of rearing thorough breds had reached Arkansas, and when we were satisfied to trace back to *Bloody Buttocks*, a real hunting shirt and cane brake fellow wished to sell me a horse. Says he—"Mister, this is *prehaps* a leetle the fastest horse you ever seed; I flung John upon him, and told him to go: well, it was just *nineteen feet*. Says I, Johnny, *timber* him, and it was *twenty-one feet and the breadth of his hoof;* and he picked it up like *rats fighting*, and he run the mile in considerable less than two minutes; he done it, sir, in a minute and *eighty-four seconds*." The fellow measured time as bee hunters do, allowing a slow count of one hundred for a minute: and I would here take occasion to correct a misrepresentation which exists abroad, relative to the good people of Arkansas. They are a kind, warm-hearted, generous people, occasionally rough in their manners, but ever kind and charitable. 'Tis true, *Deningers* and *big knives* are fashionable, but he who conducts himself properly is as safe there, as he would be in "the land of steady habits." A man cannot *act the dog* with impunity there, even if he keep within the bounds of the law.

Did you ever hear of *horse swapping* in the *dark?* Well, I once knew a fellow to make forty dollars in one night, and have the *same horse* at day-break. He proposed to swap with any one who would give him a dollar to boot. First one and then another took him up, and by continued swapping in the course of the night he made forty dollars, and still had the same horse he started with. This did not happen in Arkansas, but at a *gander pulling* in old North Carolina.

Truly yours, N.

SPORTING ITEMS FROM SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM J. MINOR, Esq., of Natchez, Miss., has sold *Hard Heart* for $2000, to Mr. JOHN G. PERRY. Owing to some unfortunate differences with the Club, Mr. P. has been "ruled off the track" at Natchez.

JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala., has sold *Betsey Malone* for $3000, to William J. Minor, Esq.

WM. R. PEYTON, Esq., of Gallatin, Tenn., and WM. J. MINOR, Esq., of Natchez, Miss., have made a match for $5000 a side, h. f. to come off at Nashville, Tenn., the fall of 1838. Mr. Peyton names his Bertrand colt out of an Eclipse mare; and Mr. Minor, Linnett's own sister, by Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, now a year old.

There were some very heavy matches to be decided at Alexandria, La., on the 15th ult., and the races at St. Francisville, in the same State, commencing on the 21st, were of peculiar importance. [Our special carrespondent was directed to attend the races at both places.] At the meeting of the St. Francisville Club, there will be an *inside stake each day*, of $2500! between the stables of Messrs. Minor, of Natchez, and Boyles, of St. Francisville.

Col. OSMAN CLAIBORNE, of Madisonville, Miss., has sold *Cassandra* to GEORGE ISH, Esq., of Raymond, Hindes co., Miss., for a roll of Nick Biddle's "as thick as your wrist."

A good deal of interest was felt in New-Orleans regarding a race to come off on the Jackson course near that city, during the first week in April, between a noted little nag, known as the *Wild Irishman*, who was to carry 140lbs., and a horse belonging to Mr. McManus, carrying 135lbs. A large amount was said to be pending on the result, and the *Orleanois* were on the *qui vive* in regard to it.

The editors of the Augusta Ga., Constitutionalist, state in that paper of the 15th inst. as follows:

☞ We understand that a rumor was very prevalent yesterday, which we should be very happy to hear confirmed, that Col. Crowell's ch. h. *John Bascombe* is likely to be added to the racing stable of Col. Johnson, of Virginia, or some other equally honorable and distinguished turfite in that state—in which case he will be carried on immediately to contend in the great Match Race between the North and the South now pending, and to be run at New-York next month. We hazard nothing in saying, that should John Bascombe be afforded so glorious an opportunity of signalizing himself, he will not disappoint the expectations of his backers, but earn for himself a never-dying fame. In short, instead of remaining, as he now is, the *Champion of the South*, he will then become, without fail, the CHAMPION OF THE WHOLE UNION.

Top Gallant, or as he has more recently been called, "Old Top," the celebrated trotting horse, recently died at Marshalton, Pa. at the age of 31. He deserves a monument, and should have one were we rich enough. As it is, we can merely promise to write his epitaph.

Hickory John's challenge to *Miss Medley* was not accepted on the 12th inst., but one of the principals concerned writes us that the match would probably be closed on the evening of that day. By the following paragraph in the Georgia Constitutionalist of the 15th, we see the match has been confirmed:

ANOTHER MATCH RACE.—The banter of Hickory John to Miss Medley, made in the Constitutionalist of last month, has been accepted by the owners of Miss Medley, the race to come off over the La Fayette course, on the first Tuesday in December, 1836—four mile heats—$5000 a side, one-fourth forfeit, the rules of the Augusta Club to govern.

The Louisville, Ky., Races have been postponed to the 17th of May.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM THE WEST.

To the Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.

DEAR SIR—The DAY OF DAYS in the annals of racing, is over, and many as *empty pocket* will long remember the "12th of April." If Crowell wins, *disappointed ones* will be numerous,—but this is "*unpossible.*"

What nag will the South select for the great Match? The invincible *Trifle* is in fine condition*,—so is *Ironette*, but both of these are *aged* and have seen *much hard service. Post Boy* will of course be the Northern horse. If Trifle and he run, what lots of *yellow boys* and *new* Nick Biddles will be put up!

The *importing* fever seems to be raging throughout the entire Union. England will scarce be able to meet the great demand; indeed, I doubt much if she could furnish many such horses as Chateau Margeaux, Leviathan, Rowton, Emancipation, Luzborough, Tranby, &c. When the get of these fine horses come on the *turf* may we not expect something *vastly nice?*

Arkansas, that a few years since was supposed to be *out of the world*, is making a *beginning* in rearing *thorough breds. Crusader* has been carried there recently. He was bred by RICHARD SINGLETON, Esq., of South Carolina. He is by Sir Archy, and out of Lottery. Saxe Weimar, his full brother has produced some good stock. Crusader's colts, I do not think have equalled the expectations of his friends. They are *fine looking*, and may possibly become distinguished on the turf. *Volcano* by Stockholder, out of the Forest Maid, has made several seasons there. He is now standing in Lawrence county. His performance on the turf was creditable. *Collingwood* by Thornton's Rattler, dam *Vixen*, covers twenty mares this spring, and will be trained in the fall. He is at Batesville. *Tom Fletcher* by Stockholder, and *Uncas*, by Desha's Roanoke, will make the coming season in Arkansas. The spirit of racing has in the last two years reached there. They have a Jockey Club at Little Rock; one at Van Buren, and one in Independence County, are talked of.

In January last they had a very interesting race at the Rock. Two mile heats—$250 entrance, which resulted as follows:

Uncas	1	1
Sir William	2	2
Tom Fletcher	3	3

Time good, considering the state of the Course. Fletcher, the favorite at slight odds—the field freely against any named horse. The first heat was a beautiful contest between Uncas and William,—Fletcher holding up. The second heat was one of intense interest, all the horses doing *their best*. They passed and repassed each other more than a dozen times, but Uncas so managed it as to pass them *all* at the *important point*. We anticipate fine sport this fall. Quarter racing is going out of fashion with us. They afford but little amusement, and in five cases out of six, the slowest horse wins the money. By-the-by, it has often struck me, that it would be a wise regulation to permit no person but the owner or trainer to start a horse. Why have more judges than one? I have often seen much confusion in the start of a race, owing entirely to their being more than one judge. And whenever inexperienced men are put in the stand, there is sure to be a *bungling* start.

This has been a hard winter upon birds, thousands having been caught in traps and destroyed by Hawks. HUMPHREY B. BROOKE, Esq., of Middleburg, Va., has kept about one hundred through the winter. He is a fine shot. DANGERFIELD FAUNTLEROY, of near Aldie, Va. (now a purser in the Navy) is a match for Major MASON or VAN SWEARINGEN; with a rifle he is superior to either of them. He is a great walker, which is the case with all good hunters. "Old Van" could tire an Osage Indian in a day's hunt.

Truly yours, N.

* We regret to state that such is not the case; her owner informs us she gave way in training, and has been sent to horse.—*Editor.*

GENTLEMEN WILL BACK THEIR JUDGMENT!

I will run the produce of MESSENGER DUROC, the fall they are two or three years old, (just as it may suit those who take this up), against the produce of LANCE, in particular, as he has "graduated at Lexington, and stood head at Frankfort, on the 22d of February last," or rather, it is said he stood head, which is disputed; for the question was not put, nor the yeas and nays called for: and against the produce of *Medoc*, "the pride of the north," as it is said; and against the produce of any other horse standing in Kentucky, for any sum not less than One Thousand Dollars, if taken up by one only, and if made a sweepstake, where it will require three entries to make a race, not less than Five Hundred Dollars entrance; half in each case forfeit. Come out, gentlemen, and back your judgment.

I shall meet Lance, according to his challenge, on the 2d Monday in April, at Lexington, and the question as to Lance's superiority will then be called for, if Mr. Blackburn wishes. Lexington can't be run over.

The above challenge, if accepted, will be run, if at two years old, in the fall of 1839, and if at three years old, in the fall of 1840, over the Lexington Course, to be run any distance, not under one mile. This is open until the 4th of July next.

JAMES SHY.

March 19, 1836.

N. B.—Mr. Blackburn's excuse is, that Lance has no trainer; but this is no excuse, for Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia, is one of the owners of Lance, and is supposed to be the greatest trainer in the world.

Can't he send out one? J. S.

THE SWELL DRAGSMAN OF "THE AGE!"

Or, in plain English, a well-dressed Stage Coachman; but the character of the thing must be preserved—and a driver of four "good *uns*" ought not to be described with any thing like the gravity of a parson, whose "good ones" are of another guess sort; therefore, if a "tiny bit" of slang now and then should pop out, it must only be considered in *keeping* with the picture.

His late Majesty, King George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, could "push along" keep moving, with his four "nonesuches," and give the "*go by*" to all his nobles like fun; indeed, that Prince was the delight of all the jockies and coachmen in the kingdom; but amongst the grooms, huntsmen, and whippers-in, at Brighton, Windsor, Newmarket, &c., he was their idol. His late Majesty had always a taste for driving, and very much attached to the turf. Not very long before he died, he asked one of his grooms, with whom he was conversing on the subject of his racing stud—"Well," said the King, "and what do they say of me at Newmarket?" "What do they say of your Majesty," replied the groom, "why they say that you are the most *varmint* of 'em all, and they wish that they had you back again at Newmarket." The phrase "*varmint*" was a cant term in the days of the monarch Charles II., and was frequently used when speaking of him.

The late high-minded, splendid, Duke of Bedford, who never stood still at trifles, but got over the ground with all the ease of a bowling-green, with a "turn-out" worthy of one of the highest rank in the peerage, was also considered a first-rate coachman; and likewise the never-to-be-forgotten Squire Mellish in the sporting world—who would not be *second* to any body, or at any thing—a first-rate charioteer, and nothing else, upon all occasions—with "neck or nothing" for his motto—galloping up and down the Brighton hills, with all the playfulness of style and ease of manners, like the best bred gentleman in a ball-room. I think I see him now on a Race Course, surrounded by characters of the first rank in society, communicating life and spirits to the circle; indeed, he was a "magnificent" fellow on horseback; a complete hero on the box; and an "out and outer" in every point of view upon the turf, and all the *et cetera* belonging to it; and, "take him for all in all," I have seen nothing like the late Squire Mellish since that foe to the human race, Death, placed him under it. And last, though not least in the "Scale of Merit" in the whip line, is the present venerable Sir John Lade, bart., the father of the driving-school for gentlemen. The ease and elegance displayed by Sir John in handling the reins, was quite a picture to the admirers of good coachmanship—his eye was *precision* itself, and he was distinguished for driving to an *inch*. Sir John's memorable wager of driving through a gate only wide enough to admit his carriage, almost with the rapidity of lightning, two- and twenty times in succession, and scarcely allowing himself room to turn round, sets this matter of fact at rest;—such a superiority of command had the once gay, dashing, baronet, over his high-bred cattle. This will account, in some degree, for the Brighton road having been conspicuous for upwards of the last fifty years for first-rate coachmen; indeed commoners, mere whipsters, would not have been able to have kept their seats, but have been voted, by the visitors of this splendid watering-place, of "*no use*," and compelled to retire from the *stage*.

The late *George Simcock*, as the term goes now-a-days, was a "run one to look at," but a "good one" to get over the heavy ground on the Forest as *light* as he could, by keeping his leaders to their work, and also making his wheelers do their duty; indeed, George was admitted to be a sound, practical coachman, and the lives of his passengers were considered safe under his protection, and a truly facetious fellow into the bargain. He had a *tale* for every body in the coach, and one or two to spare for his friends in the evening when he left his coach to "blow a cloud," take his glass, and keep the "game alive," until the hand of the clock pointed out to him it was time to "rack up" for the night, and also that coachmen like other folks who have business to look after, must go to *roost*. George had a great many merry little "*dodges*" belonging to his character, and was a great favorite both up and down the road. The gentleman passengers he caused to laugh heartily at his comical jokes; and the fair ones to smile, but not to blush—his wit was always so well wrapped up; George being a family man, and fully aware of the necessity of "keeping the line." But it was a perfect treat to hear him get the JOHNNY RAWS "in a string," by telling them to have a care of the phantasmagoria sort of sights, which would stare them full in the face at every turn in the metropolis. "The London ghosts are a queer set of *chaps*," said George, "and very likely to make your teeth chatter again, if you only *look* at them; but if you *touch* them, it is all up with you; therefore, I say, be on your guard. Why, you would scarcely believe it, that a friend of mine, a very strong countryman, who had the hardihood to tackle one of those nothing sort of things, as he thought, to his great surprise, during the struggle for victory, every hair of his head became as thick as a broomstick." The passengers, in general, were laughing from the beginning of their journey to the end of it; and the whole of them felt sorry when George touched his castor, and said, "the coachman."—"Remember the coachman," said a gentleman, one day, "d——n the fellow! I shall never forget him. I shan't get my jaws right again for some time, they have been so widely extended with laughing during the journey."

"Why," said George to a country fellow who expressed his astonishment at Simcock's *liago*, "when you have been as long upon the stage as I have, you then, perhaps, may see as many strange sights as I have seen." "Lord! Measter *Simcock*," replied the Johnny Raw, "What, have you ever been upon the *stage*; one of those strolling player sort of chaps that go about the country living by their wits? I never heard of it before I declare."—"Yes," answered George, "to be sure I have: and performed a great many parts in my time: don't you see I am on the *stage* now."—"Lord, so you be, Measter *Simcock*," said the yokel, "how droll! well, I never thought of that before. You really are such a funny fellow, it is worth all the *fare* only to keep you company up to London." It is well known that poor *George Simcock*, was the delight of that *stage* on which he exercised his talents; but, like other great actors, with all his knowledge and care, he suffered "Old Death" to get the whip-hand of him, and who compelled *George* to quit his box against his will, and also to laugh on the other side of his mouth. It is also true that his place has been supplied; but his box has never since been filled by any of his successors like the original "rum one." No, indeed: "no more like my father than I to Hercules."—*Peace to his manes!*

Sam Goodman and "the *Snows*" were well known on the Brighton road as first-rate coachmen—safe drivers—prime cattle—with elegant turn-outs, and gentlemanly behaved men in every point of view, long, very long, before the late Harry Stevenson had ever entertained the slighest notion of mounting the box as a coachman for hire, and becoming a competitor with the above experienced *dragsmen*. In fact, it might almost have been observed that the road, which they had passed over so many years with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their passengers, exclusively belonged to them; they were so punctual to their time; did their business like clock-work, and civil and attentive to all their patrons, that nothing, it was thought, would have had any chance with them, they played their parts so well upon the *stage*. For months together were *Goodman* and *Snow* seen driving up to London and down again to Brighton every day, actually performing *six hundred and twenty-four miles* in the course of every week, regardless of wind and weather, and in opposition to clouds of dust, storms of hail and rain, and violent tempests of thunder and lighting. Indeed, it was the general opinion of the inhabitants of Brighton that any thing like an *opening* for a new coach was entirely out of the question; that *Sam Goodman*, as the punsters had it, was nothing else but a "*good*" man: indeed, his *points* were all good. He was lively in conversation—full of anecdote—anxious to give satisfaction to all parties; and Sam could handle subjects in general with as much ease and freedom as he *handled* his reins. And although the quotation of Shakspeare might be made use of against his opponent SNOW—"Wert thou as chaste as ice, or as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," yet, nevertheless, he stood equally in favor with the visitors to and from London; and in spite of a hot burning sun at times, and during the *melting* moments of summer, yet SNOW was always to be seen as a fixture upon his box, completely unchanged in his duty towards his passengers and his horses. The obstacles thus thrown in the way of STEVENSON to deter him from the attempt of starting a new coach at Brighton had not the desired effect; he thought otherwise, and therefore with the advice of his friends—he "took the road."

STEVENSON, it appears, had received his education at Cambridge; but, notwithstanding the *degrees* he had taken at that celebrated seat of learning, *prudence* and economy were not amongst them. He soon got rid of his patrimony in mixing with society, and "keeping it up," as other *swells* of his acquaintance were wont to do. Harry Stevenson was ultimately "told out." The treasury became empty; and it was with him, "pockets to let, unfurnished." "He could not *beg*," and "to *dig* he was ashamed;" to become a clerk, or to stand behind a counter, were ideas too grovelling to be adapted to the taste of a *ci-devant* gentleman! Yet something must be done to make the pot boil: *breakfast* was absolutely necessary to keep up an appearance in life; *dinner* he could not dispense with; a cup of *twaddey*, and a muffin, were equally essential to prevent the human frame from decay; and *supper*, by way of winding up the day, a most important feature in the history of man's career. A glass of grog also wanting to keep up the spirits—a cigar to cogitate over as to future events—or a bottle of wine to make the "*wisit* pleasant," if the funds and numbs could procure it. The stage then was the only thing that struck his fancy as the readiest road to preferment and riches; or, perhaps, a more humble phrase might better elucidate the matter, namely, "to keep the wolf from the door." In this dilemma—this state of nothingness—Stevenson was too high-minded to perform the character of *Sponge*, although a *living* must be procured for him some *how* or other. He was considered a *crack* gentleman driver—the hero of the tale—amongst all his *pals* who could "tool a jarvy," and also voted by them "a proper marvellous man" to appear before the public in the personification of a regular *dragsman*. The practicability of the thing was canvassed by all his immediate friends—the points well considered—and the result—that Harry Stevenson should make his *debut* not in a box at the opera, with an eye glass to *stare* his way into elegant society amongst the Corinthians, but upon the box of a stage-coach, with a whip in his hand, to *persuade* the horses that they had a master behind them; and likewise to obtain the good opinion of (whom, all in public or in private worship) THE TOWN!

His noble pals, fellow collegians, and sprigs of nobility, were fully acquainted with the doctrine and advantage laid down by the late Lord Chesterfield, that a prepossessing appearance is every thing in society—therefore, in order to heighten the *debut* of Stevenson upon the *stage*, directions were given for a new drag to be made by the best workmen, calculated to "take the shine" out of every thing else on the road. His *tits*, as fine as stars, possessing the qualities of race horses for speed, blood, and bone, with harness tasteful in the extreme, and placed on the *prads* with as much studied attention and care as the diamond necklace round the lovely alabaster neck of a beautiful duchess, or the gold chain upon the most handsome countess in the world, to attract admirers; and then the *coachman*, to correspond, or rather to harmonise, with the whole, a complete PELHAM in his walk of life; his *dress* was good, and his *address* was of the same quality: his manners mild and interesting; his figure slight, but carrying with it the air of a gentleman, and his "pickers and stealers," as the classic might call them: his fingers and hands, as the sober sort of folks would term them; or, as the sporting men would have it, his "bunch of fives," were protected from the inclemency of the rude elements by white kid gloves.

No "*petted*" race-horse was ever brought to the starting post in better trim than the late HENRY STEVENSON; indeed, he was ushered upon the *stage* under patronage of the very first quality, a young honorable, the son of a very eloquent nobleman of the House of Lords, placing himself by his side on the box; the roof of the coach also covered with several young gentlemen connected with some of the highest families in the kingdom. The stare of the crowd was completely gratified; his *cad*, (or assistant), also better attired than usual, to keep the unison of things perfect, who placed the boxes and handed up the passengers—STEVENSON paying no other attention but to his horses, and when the signal was given, "all right," his start was a first rate thing altogether—a *Paglioni* movement: and he handled the ribbons with as much ease and confidence as *Paganini* when playing one of his favorite solos on the violin; he likewise held up his *prads* compact, firm and coachman-like, and he left Castle Square, Brighton, triumphantly; he turned the corner of North street like a charioteer; he was upon the London road in a twinkling, and almost out of sight before you could utter "Jack Robinson!"—the spectators crying out, in the words of Goldfinch, "That's your sort!"

He had scarcely made his appearance on the stage, as an actor, before he became a great favorite with "the Town;" in fact, he was immediately patronised by all the beaux and belles, as one of the "great creatures" of the AGE in which he lived, when the capabilities of a stage-coachman became the theme of discussion. Stevenson was quite a feature *up* and *down* the road; mine hosts were all cap in hand to him, when he pulled up at their doors; and the good-natured, smiling hostesses always greeted him with a kindly welcome; and the dashing bar-maids looked "unutterable things," in favor of the gentleman *dragsman*. The fine women from the metropolis would always go with Stevenson, he was such a nice, kind, genteel, obliging coachman; and the *Corinthians*, and better sort of folks, would always book with him, for the sake of being in good company.

But, notwithstanding the above high flights of patronage of the young swells, who were always upon the *tout* for him, united with the smiles and interest of some of the best dressed and most attractive females of the day, yet Harry Stevenson, nevertheless, had his "work" to do; it was an Herculean task to attempt to get the best of such bang up drivers—"old stagers on the road from boys to manhood." It was true, he had pictured to himself the accomplishment of great things, but it was scarcely possible to achieve any thing like improvement in the Coach Department, every portion of which was so well done on all sides. Stevenson, however, was resolved upon making a *dash*—to try the question, at all events, he was determined; when he was immediately viewed as a dangerous rival by the "old uns;" his exertions to produce novelty were scanned with jealousy; and all his movements were watched with the most scrutinising eyes by his knowing opponents. Sam, the pleasant, much respected *Sam Goodman*, was always a fast coachman; *Snow*, (the good-natured, jolly fellow, fond of life, and all the good things attached to it, in his business), was equally on the alert to keep 'his time,' nay, to get in before the appointed minute; indeed, all the *dragsmen* were on the look out to be placed any where on the list by the proprietors, except the last. They were all 'quick chaps,' and every one of them endeavored to make their *prads* put their best legs foremost, to get over the ground with all the celerity of ten miles an hour. There was nothing like *dozing* to be witnessed on the boxes, nay, on the contrary, they were compelled to be "wide awake," in order that they might not give half-a-chance away likely to be turned to good account by their learned, accomplished, and leary rival, who was anxious to stand very high in the opinion of the public.

Although it should seem that Stevenson's *box* was not exactly a "bed of roses" to his feelings, but rather a difficult place to be firmly seated upon; yet there was a certain "sort of style" about his conduct that caused him to be attractive in his line:—"the GENTLEMAN COACHMAN!" The most perfect stranger could not view Stevenson with indifference, either when standing by the sides of his horses, or seated upon his "box:" indeed, the appellation of "the gentleman coachman," is such that few men can obtain the name, without it is attached in an eminent degree to their personal requisites as to stamp the character: *gentility* of demeanor is not one of those common-place sort of things to be assumed at will by every body; neither is it to be put on with as much ease and indifference as the stage coachman puts on his upper tog when the rude elements assail his outward man. The "*smart* fellow" is another sort of appearance in the eye of the critic; "the good-looking man" a different caste altogether, to the common observer of men and manners; and the "dashing, knowing sort of driver," who has crept up by degrees to obtain a seat upon the box, and a good suit of clothes into the bargain, is considered to partake more of the swaggering qualities of human nature, in the mind's eye of the painter, than any thing like the portrait of "a gentleman."

The remarks which took place as STEVENSON passed up and down the road from London to Brighton, were often extremely amusing to the passengers, of which the following well known anecdote, perhaps, will suffice: two London costard mongers, with their donkeys, who were selling their turnips and greens at the door of a gentleman's house at Streatham, when "the Age" stage-coach passed by them, gave birth to the under mentioned dialogue. "My eyes, Jem," said one of them to his pal, "only look out, did you ever see *sich* a heavy load of *swells* in your natural life time before? I never did." "Vy," answered the other dealer in apples, &c., "that ere is nothing new to him; his *drag* is always crammed both inside and out with the tip-top sort of customers; and as to the beautiful female women he brings along with him, lord bless their pretty faces, it does one good to look at them. I never saw *sich* pictures of flesh and blood since I was out of my egg-shell! I should like know as how where they grows sich handsome things. That ere STEVENSON is a lucky sort of chap. He has got all the top sawyers in a string! I should like to take a *leaf* out of his BOOK—it would be vorth having at any price, that's vot it woud." "Vy, Jem, I will tell you to a *nicety* how he does it; you'd come over the folks i' the same sort of vay if you vou'dn't be so independant—vell then, listen to me, you see *civility* costs nothing, and he has got a bag full of it, and which he always takes with him every journey that he goes: and he pulls it out as he vants it: he gives a *handfull* of civility to some of his customers, and a hat full to others, just as they will stand it; therefore, do you see as how if you will play your *cards* with as much judgment as swell dragsman does, you are sure to *win* the game, and no *mistake*."

The following outline of STEVENSON, written by ourselves, under the designation of "BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG," in the "*Finish* to the Adventures of TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC;" and which appeared during the lifetime of STEVENSON: we therefore extract it towards the completion of his character, and for the amusement of our readers:—

"Our hero now mounted the box, along with BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG, who was every thing but a *dummy*: in fact, originally, he had been intended by his relatives to sustain the sacred functions of a clergymen: and accordingly he had received his education at one of the collages at Cambridge. What progress he had made in his studies during his *noviliate* to obtain the character of a "learned Pundit," had never been a subject of argument amongst his fellow collegians: but for a trotting match, as a good shot, and as an amateur whip, they would back him to "push along, keep moving, and to get over the ground," against most of the stage coachmen of the day. His papa and mamma had long been called to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns;" and he was left wholly to the guardianship of a rich old uncle. A "*good living*" was also in store for him, when he arrived at a proper period of his life to conduct it with propriety and rectitude. The least thing BILL partook of at College was a *learning*, it being the most *troublesome*. He could much sooner dispose of a bottle or two of Champagne, than descant upon the *Elements of Euclid*: mount his *tit* with greater celerity than quote a passage from VIRGIL; and make use of *glores* with more tact than expatiate on the beauties of PALEY. BILL never expected preferment in the Church—to become a Dean never entered his thoughts to be made a Bishop, quite out of the question: and as to filling the high situation of an Archbishop of Canterbury, it was *visionary* in the extreme. Therefore, *severity* of STUDY did not belong to his *book*—he turned over the leaves of the RACING CALENDAR with pleasure and profit: and noted down the ODDS at Tattersall's several times with an *interesting* account: and in the true spirit of the thing, BILL often used to give it as a matter of *taste* amongst his brethren of the gown, when enjoying the "gaily circling glass," during the hours of relaxation at College. "For my money," said he, "I'll have DONCASTER for Booking against *Cambridge*; for BOB-*work*, I'll bet odd's EPSOM in preference to *Oxford*; and for *Readers*, NEWMARKET 50 to 1 against both the schools of St. Paul's and Westminster. Ten Ponies on YORK, for the production of *scholars* as to *knowledge* and *calculation*, against all the *deep* studies acquired at ETON; and ASCOT, delightful splendid ASCOT, for pedigree, bottom, bone, and blood, "all to nothing" against the "*training*" at the *Charter-house*!"

"PUT-'EM-ALONG, it was soon discovered preferred the range of the world, to the confined state of the *closet*, and he was determined to risk his fortune upon the Grand Theatre of Life, rather than stick to the "old musty, fusty rules of College." He soon ran through his patrimony; the advice of his uncle had not been attended to, and BILL felt quite satisfied that the "*good living*" was completely out of sight; something must be done; a GENTLEMAN without *means*, he found to be the most afflicting state in society, and of "no use" at all in the Metropolis; he, therefore, turned his attention towards "*the road!*" Yet not after the mode of a celebrated dramatic hero, to "turn the *lead* into *gold*;" neither to trifle away his time with the "pretty Pollies" and "fond Lucies;" but without hesitation he mounted the box, stuck to his leaders, handled the good ribbons, and picked up, after all, a good living, without quoting a single text from Scripture.

Such was the outline of BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG. He was patronised by the *Swells*; his fellow-collegians also stuck to him like glue; and his civility and attention to his passengers rendered him a host within himself. His appearance was likewise prepossessing, his manners mild and interesting, and he was always dressed like a gentleman. In fact, the passengers were afraid to offer him the usual *tip* at the journey's end, until he faintly observed, "the Coachman." His *drag* was also in unison with the rest of his character, by possessing much more the *swell* look of a gentleman's four-in-hand, instead of a regular vehicle for public hire! That BILL should prove himself a most interesting feature on the public box, by his observations, and his knowledge of the various classes of society that he was compelled, from his daily occupation, to mix with, will not be doubted for an instant; he was always a most cheerful and lively companion in every point of view, and perfectly capable of answering any questions put to him by the passengers, respecting the seats along the road, and the characters of the various nobility and gentry who inhabit them. Alongside of the road, too, BILL had his friends amongst the landlords of the various inns, who said of *Coachy*, "that there was nothing of the *screw* about him, and what he *axed* for, he *tipped* for, like a *Goat*, which was more than many dragsmen did as how they could mention, although it was no matter howsomdever, here or there." PUT-'EM-ALONG was likewise a bit of a favorite with the comely hostesses, the dashing bar-maids, and prime smart chambermaids, who always gave it as their opinion, when Bill's character was inquired into as a coachman, "that he was such a nice man, and so attentive to the females, that it was really a pleasure to go a journey with a person like Mr. PUT-'EM-ALONG."

JERRY had scarcely seated himself alongside the coachman, when the fat knight said, "Sir, I am very glad you have joined us; you will find *Coachy* here as good as an almanac, intelligent upon most subjects, and witty upon all of them; I have been joking with him about the uncertainty of human affairs, the change of occupation from *grave* to *gay*: the *lingo* equally at variance with the two situations in life: TILLOTSON giving way to *Goldfinch*, in order to comply with the phraseology of the road; and the dress necessary to render the character complete. I am glad to see that Mr. PUT-'EM-ALONG has got the 'whip hand' of his opponents; and, though not exactly 'holding forth' for the improvement of his flock, yet, nevertheless, he is 'holding them up,' and still so much confidence is placed in his exertions, to make 'all right,' that a great variety of *souls* and *bodies* are continually under his immediate care, in order that they may be kept in the right road, and arrive safe at the end of the journey."

Respecting the tax, which numerous passengers find fault with, of being compelled, as it were, to pay the coachman, in addition to their fare, it might be urged, that the anxiety naturally attendant upon driving a four-horse stage; keeping strange horses at times well together, and to do their work; the duty to be performed, whether in hot or cold weather, wet or dry; the safety of the passengers always in view either up or down the hills; the absolute necessity of keeping time; the different tempers to please, inside and out of the coach; civilities always required; and satisfaction to be given to the various proprietors. When all the above circumstances are taken into consideration, the liberal mind must be clearly satisfied, that "the LABOURER is worthy of his hire!" The stage coachmen, within the last twenty-five years, throughout England, are an improved race of men altogether; the WASTE-BUTT sort of chap is entirely removed from the box; drinking at every inn is quite exploded; and the drivers in general so well *togged*, their linen white as snow, and viewed not only as one of the best dressed, but frequently the best behaved men upon the coach; full of anecdote; anxious to please all parties; cheerful and merry; frequently humming some well-known air, by which means a journey of fifty or sixty miles now-a-days is disposed of so quickly, as to appear more like a matter of pleasure, than the dull, heavy routine connected with business and fatigue.

The *mind* of the Swell Dragsman was strong enough to bear up against the wind and the weather; but his delicate, spare frame could not withstand the heat and the cold, the hail and the rain, the frost and the snow, and all the other rude elements which stage coachmen are heirs to. But, as the punning Mercutio observes, in Romeo and Juliet, at the end of the combat with Tybalt, when the sword of the latter merely touches the body of Mercutio, "What, *scratch* a man to death! But no matter whether it is as deep as a well, or as wide as a barn-door, it will do: I shall be a *grave* man to-morrow." Exactly so with the poor Swell Dragsman; one of his great toes was frost-bitten; considered simple in itself, as an attack upon his person, but, neglected, it ultimately produced those consequences to the "*Swell* of the AGE," before he expected or was prepared for it, "a notice to quit." Thus suffering the "king of terrors" to get the "whip-hand of him," also to drive him off the road, and as the last scene of his eventful history, to exchange his upper Benjamin, (the envy of all his fellow coachmen), for an article of a more lasting description, a WOODEN SURTOUT. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Pleasure hath harnessed thy horses, all eager to run,
Fiery and swift as the steeds of the sun!
"Ah, this is life, happiness, splendor, and glee;
Mount, mount, my sweet damsel, and journey with me."
But, ah! that grim king who sat at the feast,
Hath followed the track of thy chariot wheel;
He heeds not the cry of anguish for rest,
Nor the sorrows that time will never heal:
No, he follows thee, thou gay and vain,
And all thy schemes of pride will mar;
He takes the wheel from thy splendid car,
And hurls thee prostrate on the plain!
Nature heed not thy parting groan,
No more than thou didst the beggar's moan:
The sky-lark amid the full sun-blaze is singing,
While down the lone valley thy death-shriek is ringing.
Ah! what are worldly pomp and glory?
An empty shadow, a noisy story!
While earthly pleasure is a fleeting dream,
And honor but the meteor's gleam.

Stevenson was by no manner of means a "*lushy* cove," as his helper told a nobleman who was enquiring the cause of the absence of the coachman. "Ah, Sir," said the *cad*, rubbing the moisture of his peepers with his bunch of fives, a "tiny bit," after Corporal Trim's affecting style of eloquence, "the *swell's* bolted! Poor Harry's gone! He's left the drag! There's not a dry eye all along the road, since his death! The landlords are quite chop-fallen, to think as how such a werry nice man should have been *brushed* off the box so soon. Aint it a pity, Sir? my lord, I mean to say, your honor. But it's nothing new, when one comes to think on it! We are here this morning, and in Lunnon to-night; I should have said, we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. The poor landladies are all in grief at his loss, and the bar and chamber-maids, you never saw sich vork with them—they are all napping their bibs, like winking; that's vat they are; only on account of poor Harry's being such a genteel, well-behaved fellow. He was a nonpariel in his way! Yet the swell was a married man; but no matter for that, my lord; he always did vat vas right, and never did wrong, not to nobody! He stuck to his own vehicle the *Age!* the bang-up AGE, the out and out AGE! Although he was quite a young one; but the good ones always go first. Vasn't it a picture of a *drag*, Sir, my lord? What a turn out! a prince might not have been ashamed to have *tooled* her. Such *tits* too! and sich harness—my eyes!—lord mayor's show was nothing to it. But, my lord, you must excuse me; I cannot go on any furder, it cuts me up so. I might as well bolt myself, now my best friend's laid up in lavender! Ah, sir, it was an unlucky day when Harry's *toe* napt it, for the *Age*. It vas a bad job for me, too, Sir, my lord, I mean. I have been out of luck ever since." The *cad* made his bow, and was off like a shot, leaving his lordship almost as much in the dark respecting the fate of poor Stevenson, as if he had not been listening to the *flash* story of the *chaffing* helper.

The "Swell Dragsman" was likewise a well known feature in the sporting world, and upon all the movements out of town, his *Rattler* was sure to be full, both inside and out on the road to a prize *mill*, with Cantaps, young sprigs of nobility, in *training* to become greater folks; and those sort of choice spirits who are always ready for a "spree," a lark," or a "turn up," out of doors to keep them from getting into more serious mischief at home. His *book* was Epsom, Ascot races, &c.: indeed, his gay patrons were so anxious to give him a turn to witness every "caper on the board" in life, likely to produce fun, afford amusement, or to hold out a chance to win a few of those "*screens* for misfortunes," his pals were "never backswards in coming forwards," to do honor to the *Age*. Thy king, it it true, might have spared a better man in society; and yet he would not have been *missed* half so much as the late Harry Stevenson! But, *sorrow* is dry!

A KNOWING CHAP.—Reader, we have a tit bit for your imagination. Imagine yourself engaged in our office, say reading. The compositors and all hands are busily at work. One part of the *matter* is here, and another part there, in different places in the room. Suddenly your attention is arrested by the opening of the door and a tremendous stamp on the threshold. A man enters, and such a man! a may-pole in height, with legs which had outgrown his pantaloons by two feet or less in length, and with pantaloons which had overgrown his legs by two feet or more in circumference. With a coat whose waist is nearer to his shoulders than to his hips, and whose tail runs to a peak a little below where its waist should be; with an old-fashioned, bell-crowned hat, none the better for wear, and a shirt whose nether end and dickey must have changed places. This man advances; curiosity and uncertainty are curiously blended in his countenance. As he progresses, his courage increases. He approaches a stand where is the commencement of an article just set up; he looks at the types; he drops his head towards them, probably to read, but not being able—which he attempts to do in the ordinary manner—he takes them between his thumb and finger to bring them nearer to his eyes. No sooner is this done than they have slipped from his grasp upon the floor! In astonishment, with his forehead wrinkled, chin drawn down, and eyes rolling alternately towards his smutted digits and the compositor, who is hastening towards his demolished work, he exclaims, "*Golly!—Mister—what is them darn'd things made of?*

Bangor Commercial Advertiser.

THE FAR WEST.

Fifteen years ago, when a person spoke of the "Far West" the mind fixed upon *Buffalo* as the point; and the emigrant wending his way thither, was looked upon as a wanderer to the very verge of civilization. A few years afterwards, and *Detroit* was considered the "far west;" then *Green Bay* and *Chicago*; shortly afterwards, *Galena* and the Banks of the Upper Mississippi; and now, when the traveller reaches that point in the new territory of *Wisconsin*, and exclaims, "at length I have arrived at the far west," the settler will tell him—"*No*. Here, we are far removed from the point you seek. Our steamboats are arriving and departing daily, laden with cargoes of immense value, and we are in the full enjoyment of all the luxuries of life. If you would find the 'far west,' cross the Mississippi, and proceed nearly a thousand miles in the direction of the Rocky Mountains; and when you arrive there, you will still find hardy, enterprising pioneers, who will tell you that to find the 'far west,' you must travel far beyond their location."

We are led to these remarks by witnessing the almost inconceivable changes which are daily taking place in the western country, and the innumerable cities, towns and villages, which are growing up, as if by magic. But a few days since, we took occasion to speak of the thriving town of *Kankakee*, situated at the junction of the Des Plaines and Kankakee Rivers; and now, a friend has called upon us to direct our attention to a map of the town of *Astor*, at the junction of the Fox river with Green Bay. When we knew this region, it was a wilderness, and none but the Indians, the officers, and the soldiers of the Garrison, ever disturbed the deep response in which were buried its primeval forrests and praries. But a richer country, or one more beautiful to the eye, cannot be found in the great West; and and we are not astonished to learn that it is now filled with an enterprising, hardy, and industrious population. The Fox River is navigable from Green Bay about seven miles, to what is called the "Little Cockalaw," where there is a fall over a smooth rock of about five feet. Ten miles further up, at what is called the "Grand Cockalaw," is a fall of about fifty feet, resembling in appearance the Little Falls of the Mohawk, with a water power greater than that at Paterson.

Green Bay is the head of the Lake navigation, and the point where must concentrate all the products of the immensely rich country north of Chicago, for the purpose of being shipped to Detroit and Buffalo; and there can be but little doubt that a very large town must rapidly grow up at this point. Already, it is said, that a great many large stores, warehouses, and other buildings, are being erected, and wharves, &c. being built to accommodate the commerce of the place; and perhaps no better idea of its growing importance can be given, than the fact that shares in the town of *Astor* are readily sold at the rate of $640,000 for the whole interest.

The site of this town was acquired by Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, in the prosecution of the Fur trade in that country, who was the first American that succeeded in establishing the trade in the North West, along the northern frontier of the United States, in opposition to the British traders. Unaided by government, and with the assistance only of two or three agents of great ability and indefatigable zeal in the prosecution of their business, he obtained a most valuable trade for our citizens, successfully resisted the influence of the British Government over the Indians within our limits, and secured for our own a greater influence than could have been reasonably expected from any system heretofore adopted by it, in relation to the Indians and Indian traders.

When we look back for a few short years and recal to mind the state of the country at, and west of Green Bay and Chicago in 1826, and then reflect upon what that country now is, it is impossible for the mind to realize the almost supernatural changes which have taken place. At that period there was no white settlement west of *Fort Wayne* on the Wabash, two hundred miles east of *Chicago* and *five* hundred this side of Green Bay. The whole of this country we have repeatedly passed with a brother officer, a soldier, or a friendly Potawattamie for a companion; and little imagined when the deer and prarie dogs constantly crossed our path during the day, and the wolf, the bear, and the wild cat, prowled around our bivouac at night, there would in a few short years be heard the busy hum of civilization, and towns and villages be in existence, where then all was stillness and an interminable wilderness. Distance in the great West, was at that time, only recognized as a word the signification of which was unknown among us; and a Deer or Fox hunt at either Post, although three hundred miles apart, was frequently attended by the officers of both commands. Fishing and hunting parties would meet at points two hundred miles distant, and seldom did the word *fatigue* enter into the vocabulary of the parties engaged in such healthful sports. At night a blanket, or in bad weather, the tent or marque was as acceptable as a bed of the softest down: and during the day the chace with a good pack of hounds, still hunting, the destruction of myriads of wild fowl, or "a quarter race" with the best of the Indian hunters, was a sport worthy of a country at that time almost unknown to the white man. But ten short years have passed away, and behold, the wilderness has ceased to be, the savage Indian has been driven from his hunting ground, and civilization has extended her empire from the banks of the great Mississippi itself. In ten years more if we should edit a paper, we shall probably be called upon to notice a new town on the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and to point out the character of the country as it appeared ten years ago. Nay, how long will it be before we hear of towns and villages on the banks of the Columbia and the shores of the Pacific, and Railroads over the Rocky Mountains to facilitate their intercourse with the Atlantic? But as a nation and a people, our prosperity is only equalized by the peculiar genius of our countrymen, their enterprize, and the boundless extent of country which invites them to give it full scope; and if the union of the states should be preserved for another quarter of a century, the imagination can scarcely conceive the changes which are destined to take place. In short, both the West, and the "far West," are destined to be forgotten terms, and civilization having planted herself on the shores of the Pacific will roll back upon us until all intermediate points become lost in the general advancement of the country in the Arts and Sciences, and all that appertains to national greatness.

[N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

TERRIBLE ACHIEVEMENT.

The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul is remarkable for its spire, the loftiest of St. Petersburgh.

* * * * * * * *

An anecdote connected with this church, and not known, I believe, out of Russia, is too remarkable to be omitted. The spire, which rises

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and is probably represented in the engraving as fading away almost into a point in the sky, is, in reality, terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which an angel stands, supporting a large cross. This angel, less respected by the weather than perhaps his holy character deserved, fell into disrepair; and some suspicions were entertained that he designed revisiting, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and the government at length became seriously perplexed. To raise a scaffolding to such a height, would cost more money than all the angels out of heaven were worth—and in meditating fruitlessly upon these circumstances, without being able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts toward the angel, was a Mijik called Telouckine. This man was a roofer of houses (a slater as he would be called in countries where slates were used,) and his speculations by degrees assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented a surface to the eye as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouckine knew that the sheets of copper were not even, uniformly closed upon each other; and, above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which projected from the side of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances, till his mind was made up, the mijik went to the government, and offered to repair the angel, without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labor. This offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouckine, provided with nothing more than a coil of ropes ascended the spire in the interior, to the last window. Here he looked down at the concourse of the people below, and up at the glittering "needle," as it is called tapering far above his head, but his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out upon the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two large stirrups, with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, and placed his foot in the others. Then digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised up one of his stirrups with the other hand so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, and stirrup by stirrup, till his starting post was undistinguishable from the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled in his embrace, till he could clasp it all around.

So far, so well. But he now reached the ball—a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The angel, the object of his visit, was above this ball, and concealed from his view, by its smooth round and glittering expanse. Only fancy the wretch at that moment, turning up his grave eyes, and graver beard, to an object that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man.

But Telouckine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist; and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, till the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of rope over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial, it fell in in the required direction, and he saw the end hung down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up in his original position, to fasten the cord firmly around

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tropolis: he, therefore, turned his attention towards "*the road!*" Yet not after the mode of a celebrated dramatic hero, to "turn the *lead* into *gold*;" neither to trifle away his time with the "pretty Pollies" and "fond Lucies;" but without hesitation he mounted the box, stuck to his leaders, handled the good ribbons, and picked up, after all, a good living, without quoting a single text from Scripture.

Such was the outline of BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG. He was patronised by the *Swells*; his fellow-collegians also stuck to him like glue; and his civility and attention to his passengers rendered him a host within himself. His appearance was likewise prepossessing, his manners mild and interesting, and he was always dressed like a gentleman. In fact, the passengers were afraid to offer him the usual *tip* at the journey's end, until he faintly observed, "the Coachman." His *drag* was also in unison with the rest of his character, by possessing much more the *swell* look of a gentleman's four-in-hand, instead of a regular vehicle for public hire. That BILL should prove himself a most interesting feature on the public box, by his observations, and his knowledge of the various classes of society that he was compelled, from his daily occupation, to mix with, will not be doubted for an instant; he was always a most cheerful and lively companion in every point of view, and perfectly capable of answering any questions put to him by the passengers, respecting the seats along the road, and the characters of the various nobility and gentry who inhabit them. Alongside of the road, too, BILL had his friends amongst the landlords of the various inns, who said of *Coachy*, "that there was nothing of the *screw* about him, and what he *axed* for, he *tipped* for, like a *Gent.*, which was more than many dragsmen did as how they could mention, although it was no matter howsomdever, here or there." PUT-'EM-ALONG was likewise a bit of a favorite with the comely hostesses, the dashing bar-maids, and prime smart chambermaids, who always gave it as their opinion, when Bill's character was inquired into as a coachman, "that he was such a nice man, and so attentive to the females, that it was really a pleasure to go a journey with a person like Mr. PUT-'EM-ALONG."

JERRY had scarcely seated himself alongside the coachman, when the fat knight said, "Sir, I am very glad you have joined us; you will find *Coachy* here as good as an almanac, intelligent upon most subjects, and witty upon all of them; I have been joking with him about the uncertainty of human affairs, the change of occupation from *grave* to *gay*: the *lingo* equally at variance with the two situations in life: TILLOTSON giving way to *Goldfinch*, in order to comply with the phraseology of the road; and the dress necessary to render the character complete. I am glad to see that Mr. PUT-'EM-ALONG has got the 'whip hand' of his opponents; and, though not exactly 'holding forth' for the improvement of his flock, yet, nevertheless, he is 'holding them up,' and still so much confidence is placed in his exertions, to make 'all right,' that a great variety of *souls* and *bodies* are continually under his immediate care, in order that they may be kept in the right road, and arrive safe at the end of the journey."

Respecting the tax, which numerous passengers find fault with, of being compelled, as it were, to pay the coachman, in addition to their fare, it might be urged, that the anxiety naturally attendant upon driving a four-horse stage; keeping strange horses at times well together, and to do their work; the duty to be performed, whether in hot or cold weather, wet or dry; the safety of the passengers always in view either up or down the hills; the absolute necessity of keeping time; the different tempers to please, inside and out of the coach; civilities always required; and satisfaction to be given to the various proprietors. When all the above circumstances are taken into consideration, the liberal mind must be clearly satisfied, that "the LABOURER is worthy of his hire!" The stage coachmen, within the last twenty-five years, throughout England, are an improved race of men altogether; the WASTE-BUTT sort of chap is entirely removed from the box; drinking at every inn is quite exploded; and the drivers in general so well *togged*, their linen white as snow, and viewed not only as one of the best dressed, but frequently the best behaved men upon the coach; full of anecdote; anxious to please all parties; cheerful and merry; frequently humming some well-known air, by which means a journey of fifty or sixty miles now-a-days is disposed of so quickly, as to appear more like a matter of pleasure, than the dull, heavy routine connected with business and fatigue.

The *mind* of the Swell Dragsman was strong enough to bear up against the wind and the weather; but his delicate, spare frame could not withstand the heat and the cold, the hail and the rain, the frost and the snow, and all the other rude elements which stage coachmen are heirs to. But, as the punning Mercutio observes, in Romeo and Juliet, at the end of the combat with Tybalt, when the sword of the latter merely touches the body of Mercutio, "What, *scratch* a man to death! But no matter whether it is as deep as a well, or as wide as a barn-door, it will do; I shall be a *grave* man to-morrow." Exactly so with the poor Swell Dragsman; one of his great toes was frost-bitten; considered simple in itself, as an attack upon his person, but, neglected, it ultimately produced those consequences to the "*Swell* of the AGE," before he expected or was prepared for it, "a notice to quit." Thus suffering the "king of terrors" to get the "whip-hand of him," also to drive him off the road, and as the last scene of his eventful history, to exchange his upper Benjamin, (the envy of all his fellow coachmen), for an article of a more lasting description, a WOODEN SURTOUT. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

> Pleasure hath harnessed thy horses, all eager to run,
> Fiery and swift as the steeds of the sun!
> "Ah, this is life, happiness, splendor, and glee;
> Mount, mount, my sweet damsel, and journey with me."
> But, ah! that grim king who sat at the feast,
> Hath followed the track of thy chariot wheel;
> He heeds not the cry of anguish for rest,
> Nor the sorrows that time will never heal:
> No, he follows thee, thou gay and vain,
> And all thy schemes of pride will mar;
> He takes the wheel from thy splendid car,
> And hurls thee prostrate on the plain!
>
> Nature heed not thy parting groan,
> No more than thou didst the beggar's moan:
> The sky-lark amid the full sun-blaze is singing,
> While down the lone valley thy death-shriek is ringing.
>
> Ah! what are worldly pomp and glory?
> An empty shadow, a noisy story!
> While earthly pleasure is a fleeting dream,
> And honor but the meteor's gleam.

Stevenson was by no manner of means a "*lushy* cove," as his helper told a nobleman who was enquiring the cause of the absence of the coachman. "Ah, sir," said the *cad*, rubbing the moisture of his peepers with his bunch of fives, a "tiny bit," after Corporal Trim's affecting style of eloquence, "the *swell's* bolted! Poor Harry's gone! He's left the drag! There's not a dry eye all along the road, since his death! The landlords are quite chop-fallen, to think as how such a werry nice man should have been *brushed* off the box so soon. Aint it a pity, Sir? my lord, I mean to say, your honor. But it's nothing new, when one comes to think on it! We are here this morning, and in Lunnon to-night: I should have said, we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. The poor landladies are all in grief at his loss, and the bar and chamber-maids, you never saw sich vork with them—they are all napping their bibs, like winking; that's vat they are; only on account of poor Harry's being such a genteel, well-behaved fellow. He was a nonpariel in his way! Yet the swell was a married man; but no matter for that, my lord; he always did vat vas right, and never did wrong, not to nobody! He stuck to his own vehicle the *Age!* the bang-up AGE, the out and out AGE! Although he was quite a young one; but the good ones always go first. Vasn't it a picture of a *drag*, Sir, my lord? What a turn out! a prince might not have been ashamed to have *tooled* her. Such *tits* too! and sich harness—my eyes!—lord mayor's show was nothing to it. But, my lord, you must excuse me; I cannot go on any furder, it cuts me up so. I might as well bolt myself, now my best friend's laid up in lavender! Ah, sir, it was an unlucky day when Harry's *toe* napt it, for the *Age*. It vas a bad job for me, too, Sir, my lord, I mean. I have been out of luck ever since." The *cad* made his bow, and was off like a shot, leaving his lordship almost as much in the dark respecting the fate of poor Stevenson, as if he had not been listening to the *flash* story of the *chaffing* helper.

The "Swell Dragsman" was likewise a well known feature in the sporting world, and upon all the movements out of town, his *Rattler* was sure to be full, both inside and out on the road to a prize *mill*, with Cantaps, young sprigs of nobility, in *training* to become greater folks; and those sort of choice spirits who are always ready for a "spree," a lark," or a "turn up," out of doors to keep them from getting into more serious mischief at home. His *book* was Epsom, Ascot races, &c.: indeed, his gay patrons were so anxious to give him a turn to witness every "caper on the board" in life, likely to produce fun, afford amusement, or to hold out a chance to win a few of those "*screens* for misfortunes," his pals were "never backwards in coming forwards," to do honor to the *Age*. Thy king, it it true, might have spared a better man in society; and yet he would not have been *missed* half so much as the late Harry Stevenson! But, *sorrow* is dry!

A KNOWING CHAP.—Reader, we have a tit bit for your imagination. Imagine yourself engaged in our office, say reading. The compositors and all hands are busily at work. One part of the *matter* is here, and another part there, in different places in the room. Suddenly your attention is arrested by the opening of the door and a tremendous stamp on the threshold. A man enters, and such a man! a may-pole in height, with legs which had outgrown his pantaloons by two feet or less in length, and with pantaloons which had overgrown his legs by two feet or more in circumference. With a coat whose waist is nearer to his shoulders than to his hips, and whose tail runs to a peak a little below where its waist should be; with an old-fashioned, bell-crowned hat, none the better for wear, and a shirt whose nether end and dickey must have changed places.

This man advances; curiosity and uncertainty are curiously blended in his countenance. As he progresses, his courage increases. He approaches a stand where is the commencement of an article just set up; he looks at the types; he drops his head towards them, probably to read, but not being able—which he attempts to do in the ordinary manner—he takes them between his thumb and finger to bring them nearer to his eyes. No sooner is this done than they have slipped from his grasp upon the floor! In astonishment, with his forehead wrinkled, chin drawn down, and eyes rolling alternately towards his smutted digits and the compositor, who is hastening towards his demolished work, he exclaims, "*Golly!—Mister—what is them darn'd things made of?*

Bangor Commercial Advertiser

THE FAR WEST.

Fifteen years ago, when a person spoke of the "Far West" the mind fixed upon *Buffalo* as the point; and the emigrant wending his way thither, was looked upon as a wanderer to the very verge of civilization. A few years afterwards, and *Detroit* was considered the "far west;" then *Green Bay* and *Chicago*; shortly afterwards, *Galena* and the Banks of the Upper Mississippi; and now, when the traveller reaches that point in the new territory of *Ouisconsin*, and exclaims, "at length I have arrived at the far west," the settler will tell him—"*No.* Here, we are far removed from the point you seek. Our steamboats are arriving and departing daily, laden with cargoes of immense value, and we are in the full enjoyment of all the luxuries of life. If you would find the 'far west,' cross the Mississippi, and proceed nearly a thousand miles in the direction of the Rocky Mountains; and when you arrive there, you will still find hardy, enterprising pioneers, who will tell you that to find the 'far west,' you must travel far beyond their location."

We are led to these remarks by witnessing the almost inconceivable changes which are daily taking place in the western country, and the innumerable cities, towns and villages, which are growing up, as if by magic. But a few days since, we took occasion to speak of the thriving town of *Kankakee*, situated at the junction of the Des Plaines and Kankakee Rivers; and now, a friend has called upon us to direct our attention to a map of the town of *Astor*, at the junction of the Fox river with Green Bay. When we knew this region, it was a wilderness, and none but the Indians, the officers, and the soldiers of the Garrison, ever disturbed the deep response in which were buried its primeval forests and praries. But a richer country, or one more beautiful to the eye, cannot be found in the great West; and and we are not astonished to learn that it is now filled with an enterprising, hardy, and industrious population. The Fox River is navigable from Green Bay about seven miles, to what is called the "Little Cockalaw," where there is a fall over a smooth rock of about five feet. Ten miles further up, at what is called the "Grand Cockalaw," is a fall of about fifty feet, resembling in appearance the Little Falls of the Mohawk, with a water power greater than that at Paterson.

Green Bay is the head of the Lake navigation, and the point where must concentrate all the products of the immensely rich country north of Chicago, for the purpose of being shipped to Detroit and Buffalo; and there can be but little doubt that a very large town must rapidly grow up at this point. Already, it is said, that a great many large stores, warehouses, and other buildings, are being erected, and wharves, &c. being built to accommodate the commerce of the place; and perhaps no better idea of its growing importance can be given, than the fact that shares in the town of *Astor* are readily sold at the rate of $640,000 for the whole interest.

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When we look back for a few short years and recal to mind the state of the country at, and west of Green Bay and Chicago in 1826, and then reflect upon what that country now is, it is impossible for the mind to realize the almost supernatural changes which have taken place. At that period there was no white settlement west of *Fort Wayne* on the Wabash, two hundred miles east of *Chicago* and *five* hundred this side of Green Bay. The whole of this country we have repeatedly passed with a brother officer, a soldier, or a friendly Potawattamie for a companion; and little imagined when the deer and prarie dogs constantly crossed our path during the day, and the wolf, the bear, and the wild cat, prowled around our bivouac at night, there would in a few short years be heard the busy hum of civilization, and towns and villages be in existence, where then all was stillness and an interminable wilderness. Distance in the great West, was at that time, only recognized as a word the signification of which was unknown among us; and a Deer or Fox hunt at either Post, although three hundred miles apart, was frequently attended by the officers of both commands. Fishing and hunting parties would meet at points two hundred miles distant, and seldom did the word *fatigue* enter into the vocabulary of the parties engaged in such healthful sports. At night a blanket, or in bad weather, the tent or marque was as acceptable as a bed of the softest down; and during the day the chace with a good pack of hounds, still hunting, the destruction of myriads of wild fowl, or "a quarter race" with the best of the Indian hunters, was a sport worthy of a country at that time almost unknown to the white man. But ten short years have passed away, and behold, the wilderness has ceased to be, the savage Indian has been driven from his hunting ground, and civilization has extended her empire from the banks of the great Mississippi itself. In ten years more if we should edit a paper, we shall probably be called upon to notice a new town on the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and to point out the character of the country as it appeared ten years ago. Nay, how long will it be before we hear of towns and villages on the banks of the Columbia and the shores of the Pacific, and Railroads over the Rocky Mountains to facilitate their intercourse with the Atlantic? But as a nation and a people, our prosperity is only equalized by the peculiar genius of our countrymen, their enterprize, and the boundless extent of country which invites them to give it full scope; and if the union of the states should be preserved for another quarter of a century, the imagination can scarcely conceive the changes which are destined to take place. In short, both the West, and the "far West," are destined to be forgotten terms, and civilization having planted herself on the shores of the Pacific will roll back upon us until all intermediate points become lost in the general advancement of the country in the Arts and Sciences, and all that appertains to national greatness. [N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

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Having meditated upon these circumstances, till his mind was made up, the mijik went to the government, and offered to repair the angel, without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labor. This offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

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So far, so well. But he now reached the ball—a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The angel, the object of his visit, was above this ball, and concealed from his view, by its smooth round and glittering expanse. Only fancy the wretch at that moment, turning up his grave eyes, and graver beard, to an object that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man.

But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist; and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, till the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of rope over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial, it fell in in the required direction, and he saw the end hung down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up in his original position, to fasten the cord firmly around the globe, and with the assistance of this auxiliary to climb to the summit, were now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more Telouchkine stood by the side of the angel, and listened to the shout that burst like sudden thunder from the concourse below, yet came to his ear only like a faint and hollow murmur.

The cord, which he had an opportunity of fastening properly, enabled him to descend with comparative facility; and the next day he carried up with him a ladder of ropes, by which means he found it easy to make the necessary repairs.

JACK BROWN.

> Jack Brown who was a sailor once
> And sailed with gallant *Porter*,
> Was sitting in a *Porter*-house
> Escaped from storm and slaughter:
> On *water* he had *lived*—but now
> He *lived* on *rum* and *water*.
>
> When midnight *struck*, it *struck* the host
> That Jack was corn'd—he said
> "Tis time Jack Brown for honest folks
> You know to be abed,
> And rogues about their business,
> So please to heave ahead."
>
> Said Jack "Since you are coming to
> The *pint* I guess I'll go,
> But I must have another *gill*
> My *spirits* are so low;
> For every *Jack* must have his *Gill*
> The proverb says—you know."
>
> Then said the landlord, "Mr. *Brown*
> 'Tis plain you're getting *blue*,
> And your account is running large
> Therefore if now I do
> Give you the stuff, next time look *sharp*
> To bring the *blunt* with you."
>
> Then Jack he wore and "tumbled out"
> And down the hill he run,
> He never *reeled* so much before
> Though yarns he oft had *spun*:
> The sky "hung out false lights" for he
> Saw *two* for every *one*.
>
> He came unto a brook o'er which
> Was placed a log or rail,
> Thought Jack it is a dangerous *feat*
> And if my *feet* should fail,
> I'll surely "*kick the bucket*," and
> He turned a *little pale*.
>
> He looked into a running stream
> Which set his brains agog,
> And though a sailor, he alas!
> He could not "*keep the log*.
> He reeled and *tumbled* in the brook
> A TUMBLER *full of* GROG.
>
> Jack *Brown* was *done*, he quickly took
> A *Sealing* voyage—where
> There was a mighty waterfall
> So high 'twould make you stare,
> And Jack went down the *rapids quick*
> Oh! what a *fall* was there.
>
> Next day a crowners 'quest was held
> The evidence to hear,
> And on the book in words like these
> The verdict doth appear—
> That *water* with a DROP TOO MUCH
> Had brought him to his BIER.

AMERICAN SKETCH OF A TRUE SPORTSMAN

DEAR C.—I am at present passing a few weeks at the hospitable mansion of Judge B. who is, I need not tell any who know him, a gentleman, and a thorough bred sportsman. He, you know, usually collects there every season some of the brothers of the rod and gun, for the scientific destruction of the inhabitants of the wood and stream. When I arrived at his house, I found him attending personally to the feeding of a fine collection of dogs, whose spacious yard and neat kennels ranged around it, convinced me that he did not, like some "*soi disant*" sportsmen, keep more dogs than he could, or would, comfortably maintain. A fine pack of fox and deer hounds, three or four staunch, heavy built Spanish pointers, and a rough spaniel, formed his collection. His whole sporting establishment was in the same good condition. I will not bore you with the achievements of the company, for all those descriptions, though interesting to those concerned, serve only to aggravate the situation of one, who like you, are cooped up in the narrow walls of a city. What I wish particularly to describe to you, was the strain of indignation with which the old gentleman commented on the unsportsmanlike practices of too many of our countrymen. He considered those practices subversive of all the chivalric spirit which should animate the true sportsman;—of which spirit, he himself is a fine exponent. If we wandered on a cloudy morning beside a dashing trout stream which intersects his grounds, he would look with supreme disgust upon our preparations for bait fishing, and when his superior skill enabled him to surpass our feeble efforts, he would exultingly say, "the trout in my waters feed on nothing but the fly." He was excessively annoyed when a city gentleman, of the party, found a three pounder in the shallows, and speared it with the lance in the butt of his London made rod. He would have put it into deep water and trusted to its gratitude to let itself be caught *secundum artem*. He has taken great pains to have legal protection afforded to the fish and game during the breeding season; and I recollect one occasion, when the circumstance of his being a guest at a dinner party where woodcock were served up out of season, did not prevent him from exercising his legal authority to punish that violation of the law. He is wonderfully punctual in all his sporting engagements; and once when a party of fox hunters were starting from their trysting place, and discovered the Judge to be absent, notwithstanding their watches called "time," they concluded to wait, and sure enough when they corrected their watches at sunrise, they found him exact. He is particularly careful about his gun and rod, &c., the former of which he always cleans himself after a day's sport, and would consider it a species of ingratitude to neglect either that, or his dogs and and horse, for his personal comfort. He never borrows a gun or angling-rod, and would think a man but a cockney sportsman who would. In the pursuit of deer, he prefers the wild excitement of "driving," where the animal has some chance for his life, where one is obliged to take a running shot, to the skulking subtlety and murderous certainty of the still hunt. He considers it criminal to kill more game than can be consumed before it spoils, and has much of that personal affection towards game which Mr. Cooper has so well depicted in that admirable sketch, Leather Stocking. I believe, if he could, he would make the shooting of a game bird, sitting, a capital offence; and, certainly, killing game out of season would be put on the same footing with high treason.

On the turf his proceedings have been characterized by the principles of strict honor, but he soon quitted that amusement, for, at the time of his youth, the turf was not so well regulated as at present, and he found much to disgust his sportsmanlike feelings in the trickery and jockeying which he encountered. His library is furnished with all the works on sporting, from the enthusiastic and single-hearted Walton, to the fine work of Colonel Hawker, which, for its practical character and true sporting spirit, should be the guide of every young shooter. The study of the sporting poets, Somerville, Gay, &c. has given to the old gentleman a tinge of enthusiasm, which raises him far above the mere game destroyers, who think of nothing but the destruction of the greatest possible quantity of animals. Judge B. reminds me much of Judge Temple, in the Pioneers, who is a model for sportsmen—witness his solicitude to preserve the game and fish from that poaching scamp, Richard Jones. Adieu, my dear C. and when you become a sportsman take the Judge for your pattern.

Ever yours, J. V. S.

London Sportsman, for February, 1836.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

B A R E F O O T.

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1822 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyto, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliants, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol 4, p. 218. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823 was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards farther in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start: Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m. 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp*, out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Fraxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*: her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 84 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50l., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given: beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panther, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1 2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER, Union Hotel, Long Island

feb 20

TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE the Horse CONSTELLATION, bred by Charles H. Hall, Esq. of Harlaem, the breeder of Eclipse, Light Foot, Shark, ay Maria, and a host of other fine horses.

Constellation was sired by American Eclipse, his dam Olivia, bred by Mr. Dandridge of Virginia, her sire Admiral Nelson (imported), out of Spot, by Bedford, g. dam by Cade, great g. dam by Alfred, great great great g. dam by Crab.

Admiral Nelson was by John Bull, dam Olivia, by Justice. Justice was by King Herod—he by Snap. John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe: Xantippe by Eclipse—English Eclipse. Fortitude was got by King Herod out of a Snap Mare, sister to Omnius the dam of Cade.

The Pedigree of Olivia [the dam of Constellation] shows her blood equal to any in England or the U. States. If proof is required respecting this, I can produce letters signed by Theo. Field of Waqua, and Wade Mosby Jr. of Curles, Va. Of the sire, Eclipse, nothing need be said. Constellation inherits the color of his sire, a beautiful sorrel—without any white—he stands full 16 1-4 hands—and is in every particular a desirable horse for the South or West.

In the North our stock runs so much on Eclipse blood, that a change by way of cross is desirable. To close, "Constellation" will be sold a bargain, but if no application be made before the 1st of May, I will sell him under the hammer on the first Monday of that month, at Tattersall's, Broadway. Letters post-paid, will find me directed CHARLES GREEN.

New-York.

mar 12

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES will be run for over the Mobile Course, commencing on Wednesday, the 20th of April next

First day, 3 mile heats, ... for $600
Second day, 2 mile heats, ... for $400
Third day, best 3 in 5 . . . . for $350

The above purses free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules and regulations of the Club. The purse of each day with the respective amounts to be in cash. mar. 19. THOS. BATES, Secretary.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 19

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "olo scamp" spoken of by N. is in the habit of ordering "coffee for one and pistols for two!" Had we not better adopt Dogberry's advice to the watch? "take no note of him but let him go and thank God you are rid of a knave."

Plague take the types and *the Devil, our* Devil! Instead of printing, 13 m. 58 sec. last week as the time in which Rochester and Rattler trotted their five mile match as we wrote it, our Devil made it 13 : 50.

Will Turfmen and Breeders throughout the Union who may have discovered any omissions or inaccuracies in our *Tables of Winning Horses for* 1835, not heretofore mentioned, be good enough to send authentic corrections, as we are anxious to publish the *erratum* forthwith.

We shall take the first opportunity that offers to do "L." a good turn for his *racy* and bang-up account of the Trenton Races.

We had the authority of a far famed "Land Admiral" and others, both oral and epistolary, for alluding last week to a Trotting match at Baltimore. It turns out to have been a mistake so far as *Edwin Forrest* was concerned, though such a rumor was rife in sporting circles here and at Washington. The trotting phenomenon, *Edwin Forrest*, is withdrawn from the turf and is now "in daily and common use" with the other horses of his owner, a spirited private gentleman of Philadelphia.

"A Maryland Breeder" is received and cordially welcomed. Our columns are so crowded with letters from foreign and domestic Correspondents, that we are obliged to postpone the insertion of his article until our next.

We have received a complete list of *English Winning Horses* for 1835, that we shall make room for in our next if possible.

A communication from C. A. Logan, Esq. in relation to the Canadian Theatres is unavoidably crowded out.

Several interesting facts in relation to *Autocrat's get* at the North are necessarily omitted from the same cause.

The *Trotting Challenge* alluded to last week was not received from "the high contracting parties" when our paper went to press.

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

Baltimore, Md.	Central Course, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
Centreville, L. I.	Trotting Course near N. Y. city. First Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th May. Grand Trotting Sweepstakes, $3000, Friday, 6th May.
Columbus, Miss	Jockey Club, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
Columbus, Ga.	Jockey Club, Western Course, Tuesday, 3d May.
Diamond Grove, Ill.	Jockey Club, Thursday, May 26th.
Fairfield, Va.	Jockey Club, 4th Wednesday, 27th April.
Grensburg, Ky	Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. heats. Angora *vs.* Rodolph's W'y 21st Sept.
Jefferson Co. Va.	Jockey Club, Wednesday, —th May.
Kendall Course, Md.	Near Baltimore, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
Louisville, Ky.	Association, Oakland Course, Wednesday, 17th May.
Lawrenceville, Va.	Jockey Club, 4th Wednesday, 25th May.
Lewisville, Ohio.	Coshocton County, Thursday, 5th May.
Lynchburg, Va.	Third Tuesday, 17th May.
Montgomery, Ala.	Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
Madisonville, Miss.	Monday, 23d May.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, mile h. $5000 a side. Red Maria *vs.* Chuckfahila, 6th Dec.
Newmarket, Va.	First Spring Meeting, First Tuesday, May 3.
New-York City	Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 3d.
" "	Monday April 25th, Great Sweepstakes, $15,000.
Rahway, N. J.	Fourth Tuesday, 26th April.
St. Francisville, La.	Jockey Club, 3d Wednesday, 20th April.
Tree Hill, Va.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
Tappahannock, Va.	Jockey Club, Mt. Clement Course, Wednesday, 4th May.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.
Washington, D. C.	Jockey Club, Second Tuesday, 10th May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country, may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic, Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

MAIL CARRIER AND WASHINGTON.

A match has been concluded by the owners of the fast trotting nags above named, for $500. The match is to be trotted in wagons, from the Four Mile Stone to the City Pavements and repeat, and will come off on Friday next, the 29th inst.

Yankee Doodle again Victorious.—A very fine match came off on Friday last between Mr. B——'s horse *Yankee Doodle;* and Mr. T——'s h. [*Anonymous*] for $500 a-side. It was trotted in wagons from Harry Jones' to the city Pavements. Weight, 300 lbs.—each of course. Mr. T.'s horse was driven by H. J., and the winner by G. S. who trained him. Notwithstanding the monstrous weight carried, Yankee Doodle did his third mile a trifle under three minutes. His friends would like to be bantered that with two in a wagon he cannot *show the way* to any thing going!

KENDALL JOCKEY CLUB RACES, 1836.

THE Spring Meeting, over this course, will commence on the *fourth Tuesday in May*, (the 24th,) and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit. Five subscribers, and closed; viz:
1. Jas. M. Selden's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
2. Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
3. R. Gilmor, Jr's gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Allikroka.
4. W. L. White's ch. c. Cash, by Carolinian.
5. J. S. Garrison's b. c. Norwood, by Monsieur Tonson, dam (the dam of Hanslap) by Sir Archy.

Same day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. Five subscribers, and closed; viz.
1. Jas. M. Selden's b. f. by Sussex, dam Brunette, (sister to Gohanna.)
2. Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. by Spring Hill, dam by imp. Jack Andrews.
3. R. Gilmor, Jr's ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker, by Timoleon.
4. Levi Hoffman's b. f. by James Cropper, dam by Bay Richmond.

Second day. Jockey Club purse, $500; three mile heats; free for all ages; entrance $20.
Third day. Jockey Club purse, $700; fourmile heats; free for all ages; entrance $30.
Fourth day. Proprietor's purse, $250, two mile heats; free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland and District of Columbia; entrance $15.

Same day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. Three or more to make a race; to name and close on the 15th of April. To this stake there are now two subscribers, and it is expected there will be many more.

On *Monday*, the 23d (the day previous to the regular races,) an interesting *match race*, for $1,200, will come off, between two celebrated geldings, belonginging to Jefferson county, Va. mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open:

1. A sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies, two mile heats; free only for Maryland bred or owned, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To run fall meeting, 1836. Entrance $300, h. f. To name and close the first day of September, 1836.

2. A sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies, two Mile heats. To run Fall meeting, 1836. Entrance $300, $100 forfeit. To name and close by the first day of September, 1836.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies, foaled spring of 1836, to be run spring of 1839, mile heats; entrance $1,000, $250 forfeit. Now six subscribers, and many more *promised*.

The proprietor, in offering the above list of races, hopes it is such as will give general satisfaction. The great number of fine horses in training this spring, and the season being backward, he has been induced by the advice of his friends to give a purse of $500, three mile heats; to do which he has taken $300 from the four mile day, and added $200 more, which makes up the $500. Several improvements in the course and fixtures, suggested at the last meeting, are now being made, and when completed will render the Kendall Course second to none in this country. april 23—4w.

HARLEM PARK TROTTING COURSE.

THIS beautiful course is now open for the accommodation of the public for Training Horses and for Matches. The proprietor has taken especial care to alter and improve the track. Purses are intended to be given shortly, of which the public will be notified in time. Acknowledging past favors and soliciting a continuance of their patronage, the proprietor trusts his friends and patrons will support him so long as he continues his endeavors to deserve it.

Harlem, N. Y. April 23, 1836. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

THE IMPORTED THOROUGH BRED HORSE DAGHEE,

HAS taken his stand the present season at the stable of Jeffrey Powell, at the old Halfway House, on the Brooklyn and Jamaica Turnpike, six miles from Brooklyn, and two from the Union Course, Long Island, where he will serve blood mares at forty dollars the season, and sixty to insure a mare to be in foal. Other mares will be charged twenty-five dollars, and one dollar to the groom in all cases the money to be paid when the mares are taken away.—All mares will be charged as by the season, when a special agreement to insure is not entered into in the first instance. The season commences on the 1st of April, and terminates on the the 1st of August. Good pasture will be furnished for mares, and fed with grain when desired, upon reasonable terms, and every attention afforded, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

Description.—DAGHEE is a blood bay, with black legs, mane, and tail, and sound and strong black hoofs. He is of the largest class of blood horses, being full 16 hands 2 inches in height, of length in proportion, with large bone and great muscular power, standing clear and even upon very clean, strong limbs, in fine racing form, with deep shoulder, strong back, loin and haunches; has very great sweep in the quarters, and unusual length of thigh and arm, yet short below the knee and hock, with a hind leg, in point of strength and shape, equalled by scarce any, surpassed by none, and indicative of astonishing power as a racer; add to which, he is free from blemishes and defects of that character known to be hereditary, with which many fashionable northern bred Stallions of the present day are affected, and which they as a matter of course, must and do entail upon their get.

For more particular description of Daghee, see Bills, and American Turf Register, vol. 5, No. 5, page 225 for 1834. E. C. MAYO.

New-York, April 20, 1826. apr. 23—2w.

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported Potso's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase, willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. It may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 41s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the Potso's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare: one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

SIR GEORGE.

FOR SALE—The Full Bred Horse Sir George, five years old, 15 hands high, of a beautiful bay colour, sire, Sir Archie, dam, Henrietta. For particulars enquire of

STIMPSON & COWAN,
At the Bazaar, Crosby Street.

April 7, 1836.

TEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them; it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

NEW-YORK RACES.

THE GREAT SWEEPSTAKES, mile heats, for three year old colts, entrance $5000 each, half forfeit, will take place over the Union Course, on Monday the 25th day of April, 1836.—Subscribers:—
1. Wm. R. Johnson names the full brother to Charles Kemble, by Archy, out of Pilot's dam.
2. John C. Stevens names ch. c. "Dosoris," by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.

Same Day.—A match, mile heats, will be run over the above Course, (Monday April 25th, the same day of the great sweepstakes), between Captain Stockton's and Mr. Ro. L. Steven's three years old.
1. Mr. Stevens names his imported English filly, Caprice, by Muley.
2. Captain Stockton names his gr. c. by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.

On Tuesday, May 31, will commence the First Spring Meeting of 1836.

First Day, Tuesday—A match, four mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, made by Mr. John Heth, of Virginia, and Mr. Ro. Tillotson, of New-York.
1. John Heth names br. f. "Margaret Armistead," (formerly called Rebecca Coleman), by imported Apparition, 4 years old.
2. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. "Admiral," by imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs. old.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250, six subscribers. Subscribers:—
1. Ro. Tillotson, names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
2. R. F. Stockton names his imported colt, by Chateau Margaux.
3. Ro. L. Stevens names ch. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
4. Also, names English filly, by Muley, out of Caprice.
5. John C. Stevens names ch. f. by Henry, out of Janette.
6. W. Livingston names ch. c. by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

Second Day, Wednesday—A Sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies, entrance $300, half forfeit; ten subscribers. Subscribers:—
1. J. H. Wilkes names b. c. by Henry, dam by Ariel.
2. James Bathgate names c. by Barefoot, dam Maid of the Mill.
3. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace, by Medley.
4. Charles Green names Manhattan, by Henry, dam Filbo mare.
5. William Wynn, names ch. f. by Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
7. T. Pearsall names full brother to Alice Grey.
8. S. Ringgold, names ch. c. by Medley, dam Cresida, by Charles.
9. John C. Craig, names produce by Arietta, dam by Medley.
10. Jacob Van Dyke names gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

Same Day.—Purse of $300, two mile heats.

Third Day, Thursday—A sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies, entrance $300, forfeit $100; nine subscribers. Subscribers:—
1. Ro. Tillotson, names filly out of Polly Jones.
2. I. S. Snedecor, names gr. f. by Henry, out of Thorne's Eclipse m.
3. G. T. Wilson, names f. by Henry, out of Di Vernon.
4. Wm. Jones, names f. by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
5. Jno. C. Stevens, names s. c. by Henry, out of Purity.
6. Alex. L. Botts, ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity.
7. B. Seaman, names c. by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
8. Ro. L. Stevens, names "Envoy," by Memnon, out of Zarina.
9. Ro. L. Stevens, names c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.

Same Day—Purse $500; three mile heats.
Fourth Day, Friday—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; four mile heats.

The Match between the North and South, four mile heats, for $5000 Dollars a side, half forfeit, to take place the Second Spring Meeting, has been confirmed. The North to name at the starting post any horse owned and belonging north of Maryland—the South in like manner any south of the Potomac.

ALEX. L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.
March 26, 1836.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE SPRING MEETING over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 17th of May, and continue three days, for which the following Purses will be offered.

First Day.—A PURSE OF $300—*Three Mile Heats*, in harness, free for all Trotting Horses. Immediately after, a match between Mr. Smith's *Grey Horse* and Mr. Bryant's *Bay Horse*, Two Mile Heats in harness, for $500 a side.

Second Day.—A PURSE OF $200, *Two Mile Heats*, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses. Immediately after a Purse of $200, Two Mile Heats, under the Saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never Trotted for money.

Third Day.—A PURSE OE $200, *Two Mile Heats*, under the Saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse of One Hundred Dollars. Immediately after, a purse of $200, Three Mile Heats in harness, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse over One Hundred Dollars.

N. B. The winners of each day's purses to be excluded from entering for any of the after purses—and the Weights in all cases agreeable to the rules of this course.

Centreville, April 14, 1836. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES, SPRING MEETING, 1836.

OVER THE OLD FASHIONABLE COURSE, within two miles of the city of Washington, D. C., (now greatly improved by the erection of spacious and commodious buildings for the Club spectators, and horses' extensive enclosures; the widening and smoothing of all obstructions in the track, wherefore it is now better adapted to speed than on any former occasion, equal in that and every other resecct to any course,) will commence on the second Tuesday in May next, with the great sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; sub. $1000; forfeit $250, ten subscribers and closed.
1. Colonel J. M. Selden names c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of James Gettings and himself.
2. Major A. J. Donelson names br. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Captain R. F. Stockson names br. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
4. Dr. A. H. Tyson names gray colt Frederick, by Byron, dam Ally Croker.
5. Colonel John Heth names full sister to Trifle.
6. Colonel Wm. Wynn names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. William H. Minge names Charles colt out of a Lucifer Mare.
8. Colonel R. B. Corbin names br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts name full sister to Juliana.

The entrance to the above stake will probably embrace as many fine colts of our most fashionable blood as will ever be brought together on any occasion—the own sister to Trifle and Juliana, Colonel Corbin's Charles colt, Capt. Stockton's imported colt, &c.—all reserved to make their first appearance on the turf at Washington. Here is a chance to bet your thousands—every colt in training—all promising; each one has its backers, calculating to pocket the $10,000.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; sub. $200, $50 forfeit, six subscribers and close.
1. Charles Oliver names br. c. Lord Botetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. George P. Taylor names br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford and Brooks names ——, by Sussex, dam by Rattler.
4. Colonel James M. Selden names c. by Sussex, out of Brunette, sister to Gohanna.
5. Colonel Francis Thompson names Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Nixon, dam by Enclos.
6. Captain R. F. Stockton names c. Bergen.

Second Day.—The Washington subscription plate, value $500, two mile heats, subscription depending on the number of subscribers, the winner to take the plate or money, at his option.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; subscription $200, forfeit $50; seven subscribers, and closed.
1. Thomas J. Goodman's colt.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles out of Sally Walker.
3. William D. Bowie names Charles Magic.
4. Samuel Spriggs names b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey names b. f. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Colonel James M. Selden names f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Colonel F. Thompson names ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clubfoot.

Third Day.—Proprietor's purse $500; three mile heats; entrance $20.
Same Day.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; subscription $100, half forfeit; to name and close the 15th April.
Fourth Day.—National Jockey Club Purse $1000 in gold; four mile heats; entrance $30.
Same Day.—A Match Race.

From the number and character of the subscribers to the sweepstakes to come off here this spring, and the assurance to the proprietor that they will be here in person, promise a collection of from seventy to one hundred race horses, embracing every eminent turfite, and every nag of any distinction from Virginia to New-York.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor and Treasurer.

N.B. The proprietor may always be found at Brown's Hotel, when not on the couse. apr 2

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING MEETING OF THIS CLUB will take place the first Tuesday in May next.

First Day—Sweepstakes, Fifty Dollars entrance, free for all, 3 years old, 1 mile heats. Entrance to be made with the Proprietor the evening before the race.

Second Day.—The Proprietors Purse, Two Hundred Dollars, cash up, 2 mile heats, free for all ages, entrance Twenty-Five Dollars, two or more to make a race.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, Four Hundred Dollars, cash up, 3 mile heats, Twenty-Five Dollars entrance, free for all ages.

Fourth Day—Handi Cap Race for the balance of the Jockey Club money, best 3 in 5, free for all, entrance Fifteen Dollars.

Rules of the Course to govern.

The Proprietor would inform the public, that the tract will be in first rate order, and that he will have every accommodation for those that will attend the meeting.

apr 2 ELI ABBOTT, Proprietor.

TO SPORTSMEN.

FOR SALE an imported Cocker Spaniel, of superior breed eighteen months old. Apply at 36 City Hall Place. april 9—3t

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.

jan 23 JOHN DREW.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn betwixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,

Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St., corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arraigned out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, Apri 7th. 1836.

LEASE OF THE ALBANY THEATRE

FOR SALE.—The subscribers, administrators of the estate of William Duffy, deceased, late manager of the Albany Theatre, offer for sale on very reasonable terms, the unexpired term of the lease of the said Theatre, together with a very extensive and complete Wardrobe, and a variety of Scenery, being the accumulation of many years, with every other article necessary for the carrying on of Theatrical entrtainments of every description—the whole in a condition to be put into immediate use. Also, the individual wardrobe of the late Mr. Duffy, comprising one of the largest and richest collections of theatrical dresses in the country. Applications may be made to the subscribers, at Albany.

JOHN H. DUFFEY,
JAMES DUFFEY, Administrators

apr 2-6t

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES, SPRING MEETING, 1836.

OVER the *Central Course*, Baltimore, will commence as usual, on the THIRD TUESDAY IN MAY, (the 17th) and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, mile heats, entrance $600 forfeit $200, six subscribers, and closed.
1. Y. N. Oliver, names br. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
2. Robt. Gilmor, Jr. " gr. c. Frederick, by Byron.
3. Jas. M. Selden, " b. f. by Sussex, out of Brunette, raised by Geo. Ridgely.
4. Jas. B. Kendall, " ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Lady Granville.
5. John Heth, " ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Alfred.
6. Abner Robinson, " full sister to Veto.

Second race, same day, a Match for $1,000 a side, between Mr. Wm. Coleman and Col. J. McCarty. Mr. Coleman runs a colt by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Charles Kemble; and Col. McCarty, a filly by Sussex, out of a Hornet Mare.

Second Day, *first race*, two mile heats, for the Craig plate, value $500, the winner to take the plate or money, at his option—entrance money depending on the number of subscribers.

Second race, same day, a Match for $1,000 a side, between Mr. Wm. Coleman and Mr. Chas. S. W. Dorsey. Mr. Coleman runs a colt by Medley, the property of Mr. S. O. Jacobs and Mr. Dorsey a filly by Sussex, out of the dam of Bachelor.

Third Day, Proprietor's purse, $500, three mile heats, entrance $20.
Fourth Day, Jockey Club purse, $1,000, four mile heats, entrance $30.

There are two Sweepstakes now open for this Spring Meeting, to close the 10th of May.
1. A Sweepstakes for any three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $50, three or more to make a race.
2. A sweepstakes for Maryland and District of Columbia raised colts, three years old this spring, mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. three or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes open for next Fall Meeting.

1. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old two mile heats, $1,000 entrance, $250 forfeit, four or more to make a race, to close 10th June, 1836.
2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, two mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit, four or more to make a race, to close 10th June.

JAS. M. SELDEN,
Treas. and Proprietor.

april 23—4w.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf—The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life:—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a complete Sporting Paper, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books, Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving Dramatic Miniature Portraits—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood,	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood,	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence o learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities: in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR, SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The New Series of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance).	$5 00
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ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines.	$2 00
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Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

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Things Theatrical.

We have not forgotten our theatrical readers though it may so seem to them. As to the brilliant luminaries of the drama we hope they will construe our silence into an *inexpressible* admiration of their genius and attainments. There is little novelty in theatricals in this city. Hill and Celeste, we believe, have both taken farewell benefits. John Reeve is now the magnet at the Park. He never played better or to more intelligent auditors.

If the reader will turn over to the last page he may see Mr. Simpson's Bill of Fare for his Benefit to-night. That it will be a bumper no one doubts, and never man deserved a better. If there is any one man in the country who has done more to elevate the dramatic profession than any other, by his character in society, it is Edmund Simpson. Quietly pursuing the even tenor of his way regardless alike of the envy of rivals, the bickerings of interested friends, professional quarrels, and the slanders of the malicious, he has for nearly twenty-six years been at the head of the first Theatre in the Union, and has the proud satisfaction of feeling himself respected by all, and honored among a wide circle of friends who comprise the elite of his fellow citizens. To-night we trust to see him surrounded by a concourse of beauty, and intellect and fashion, such as is seldom congregated within the walls of Old Drury, brought together, not so much to advance his personal interest, as to testify by their presence their high regard for one who has done so much for the Drama, and for their enjoyment.

Miss Clifton, late of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was among the passengers in the *Europe*, that arrived from Liverpool on Tuesday. She has been abroad two years and has returned greatly improved in every respect. We hope to see her at the Park in the course of a few weeks for if the British critics possess judgment or taste we have seen nothing equal to her for many a long day.

Flynn and Willard of the Bowery have leased the Italian Opera House. Booth and Celeste are engaged already, and Mr. F. sails immediately for Europe for recruits.

Dinneford and Blake have leased the Albany theatre.

Caldwell is thinking of erecting a spacious theatre on the site of the Arcade Baths in Chamber street.

Balls and Abbott open at Washington next Wednesday. They are estimable, fine fellows, both.

At New Orleans the Italian Opera continues to be all the rage at the St. Charles. The fourth representation of "Norma" produced $2,800. Brown's stud of horses has been introduced on the stage to give effect to *Timour, the Tartar*, and other similar pieces.

At the Camp-street the "Ice Witch" has had a run, and the benefits have commenced. Russell goes to Louisville to summer it.

It is said Caldwell opens the Cincinnatti Theatre in July. How can that be? We understood that Russell had a lease of that Theatre.

At Mobile, our friends Ludlow & Smith have had a good season. Clara Fisher [Mrs. Moeder] has been playing her round of characters, [our correspondent says she plays better than ever.] Miss Nelson follows, and then Finn, after which the benefits close the season. St. Louis is the Summer destination of the Mobile Company, where a splendid Theatre is being built for their reception.

Parsons, of the Louisville theatre, has made arrangements to erect a new theatre at Vicksburg, Miss.

The Natchez theatre closed on the 24th March, with the benefit of Mrs. Green. During the performances a purse was made up by the young Lynchers in the boxes of $300, which, attached to a wreath, was thrown upon the stage as the lady made her final curtsey. The Vicksburg boys know a thing or two!

Parson's opened Russell's Louisville theatre on the 5th inst. The Tiernans and Mrs. Gibbs are engaged among the Stars. After playing a few nights there and at Cincinnati, Mrs. Gibbs comes on to New York direct. Our Southern friends describe her as a beautiful woman and fine vocalist. Let us alone for finding that out.

A "Goer," and "No Mistake!"—Capt. Beecher now stands at the head of steeple chace riders in England. Osbaldestone, Count Sandor, Col. Berkeley Count D'Orsay, or Dick Christian, have never approached him in the number of his exploits this season. On the 29th of February, he rode two steeple chaces on *the same day*—at Liverpool winning the first of five miles, and being placed second in the next of three miles. After riding the second race, he wrote a friend of ours to this effect:—

"I 've got to ride Old *Vivian* the 2d March, at Worcester [100 miles from Liverpool]; then I back it to St. Albans, [90 miles further], and shove in Old *Grimaldi* if I can. If not him, I 'm —— if I don't stride something, if it 's only a donkey, there 's such fun at St. Albans always!"

The gallant Captain might say with "Nimrod," that for the greater part of the time, he "lives on the saddle." Think of a man's riding two races, *steeple chaces*, in a day, and the third following, another, one hundred miles off, and the second day after, a third, ninety miles distant, and hacking it across the country in the intermediate days! We wonder what premium he pays for his life insurance?

A FAIR BANTER.

We cut the following banter from the Lexington [Ky.] Observer:

Messrs Editors:—Being desirous of improving my stock of horses, and not knowing which of the numerous horses now standing in our county, can claim superiority, I should be glad to know who of their respective owners have sufficient confidence in them, to run their colts in a sweepstake, over the Association Course, for Five Hundred or One Thousand Dollars, the fall they are two years old, one mile and repeat, or when three years old, three miles, or when four years old four miles. I hope the gentlemen will reply, by leaving their names with the President of the Kentucky Association.

A Lover of Fine Horses.

Mister John Gully suggests that "*as tripler*" is the best motto for the Wrestlers' Arms that can be found. Jack calls it and writes it "easetrip-legs."